

Benn lambasts pro-Market Labour MPs

By CHRISTINE EADE

Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn, the Labour Party chairman, yesterday launched a fierce attack on the Labour MPs who voted with the Government on EEC entry on Thursday night. Meanwhile Labour's two leading market supporters, Mr Roy Jenkins and Mr George Thomson, were both fighting for peace in the party with a promise not to vote with the Government on enabling legislation.

Mr Benn issued a statement accusing the 69 Labour MPs who voted to Europe of losing an opportunity to bring down the Government. "No peace can be cooked up behind closed doors, no personal pledges about unity, no violent ory speeches can wish away the issues we now have to face," said Mr Benn, who was himself once a pro-Marketeer.

If every Labour MP had voted together, the Conservative Government would have been defeated. Mr Heath would not have remained as Prime Minister, the Labour Party would have collapsed, and a general election allowing people to vote on the

market. The more time they are forced to give to a scrutiny of the consequences to our laws of British entry, the less time is left for the raising of rents or the carrying through of other unjust policies by the century's most reactionary government."

The parliamentary followers of the two men believe that they and their supporters will abstain on some votes, and on other occasions will vote with the Opposition.

Mr Harold Wilson spent yesterday deflating the party from attacking the Government's other policies. He said in Blackpool: "We must not allow the Tory arguments about the terms of entry to detract attention from the actions of the Government in creating unemployment and rising prices."

The sentiments will be welcomed by Mr Jenkins. For he is believed to have told some members of the Shadow Cabinet that he is disappointed with the tone of their speeches, which have virtually said: "No to Europe—at any price."

Mr Jenkins has reminded them that this is not the Labour Party's policy, and has also pointed out that Labour is fundamentally a European party.

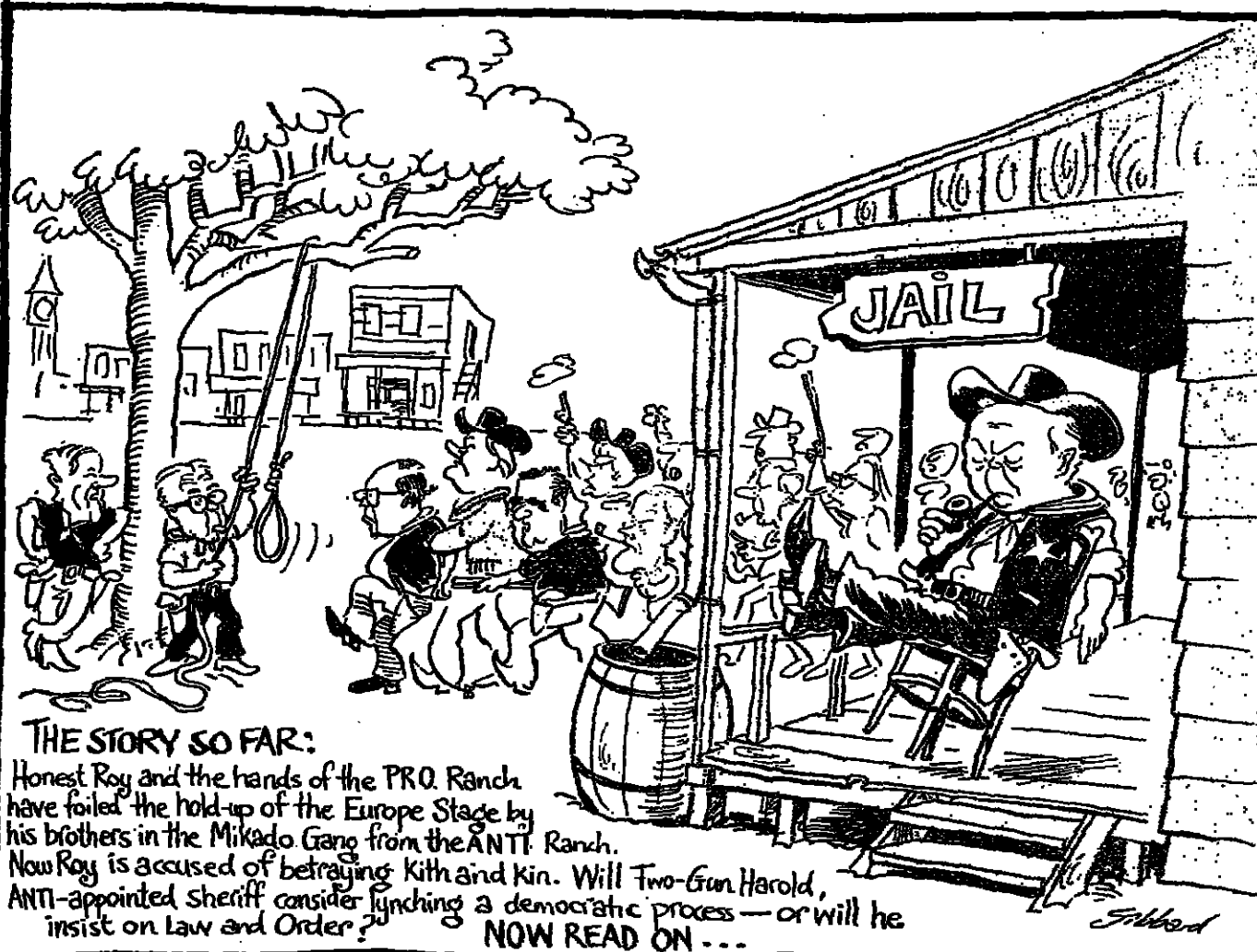
But the rift is wide. For example, as Mr Jenkins walked towards the Government lobby on Thursday night a Labour left-winger caught hold of him, swearing to do all he could to bring him down.

The threat of resignation by Mr Robert Mellish, the Opposition Chief Whip, is another hot issue, for pro-Marketees feel let down by him. Many of them went to him during the summer telling him of their intentions to vote for entry. He then implied that there would be a free vote, and if there were not, he would resign.

Mr Denis Healey, Shadow Foreign Secretary, has hit upon one possibility of unity by emphasising the difficulties—real or imagined—facing Mr Heath.

He wrote in "Labour Weekly" yesterday that the Prime Minister was ready for a general election next autumn, before an economic disaster in 1973, and to win, he would attempt to exploit any split in the Labour Party.

The troubles facing Mr Heath will also rest heavily in the minds of Conservative rebels. Some Conservative MPs who defied the Government have now said that they would vote against consequential legislation. But Sir Harmer Nicholls, Conservative MP for Peterborough, who voted against the Government, said: "I shall study the details of any bills or regulations with care and impartiality. Those which are believed to flow from last night's decision and which are not harmful to the nation, I shall support."



Clocks going back

PEDESTRIANS—especially children—should wear light coloured or reflective clothing to avoid road accidents after the clocks go back this weekend, the Minister for Transport Industries, Mr John Peyton, said yesterday. Tomorrow morning, clocks will be put back from 3 a.m. British Standard Time to 2 a.m. Greenwich Mean Time, marking the end of the BST experiment. They will go forward one hour to British Summer Time on the third Saturday in March, 1972.

Food of love

MUSIC will be heard at a register office wedding for the first time today when Mr Frank Harris—the superintending registrar at Brighton, who helped the wedding of baby Denise Weller—will play on tape recordings of Handel's Largo and the Mendelssohn wedding march.

Pound down

NO EUROPHORIA in the City yesterday after the Market vote. The pound suffered a small bout of speculative selling, but the stock market fell back as investors began to cash in on high prices. Details, page 14.

Gas up

GAS PRICES will go up by 5 per cent throughout the country from the beginning of January. The rise conforms to the CBI's price restraint initiative limiting unavoidable increases to 5 per cent, and should yield the Gas Council an extra £30 million a year—almost enough to meet its statutory financial target.

Tiber trouble

ITALY'S first imprisonment on a pollution charge. A seed-oil processor is in gaol awaiting trial for allegedly polluting the river Tiber with effluent in spite of repeated injunctions.

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Italian guides Yard hunt for paintings

By PETER HARVEY

Dr Rodolfo Siviero, who specialises in art "detective" work for the Italian Government, arrived in London last night to assist Scotland Yard in the search for six valuable paintings stolen from a Calabrian church last year. The paintings were among 10 worth about £4 millions, which disappeared from the convent of St Domenico, in Taverna.

Four of the paintings were found wrapped in rolls of carpet in a left-luggage locker at Euston station on Thursday night, and police believe the missing six are also in Britain. Dr Siviero, the Italian Government official in charge of recovering "illegally exported" works of art, said he was convinced that many missing Italian works—including 10 masterpieces—were being harboured in Britain.

Members of the Yard's art theft squad worked yesterday with staff of the National Gallery to identify the four

A tidal storm in US washtubs

From ADAM RAPHAEL: Washington, October 29

Washington, October 29 A scientist who helped to develop the detergent "Tide," has told Congress that consumers have been "hoaxed" and taken to the cleaners by manufacturers who encourage them to use more detergent than is necessary.

Mr Ronald Ostrander, formerly a project engineer with Procter and Gamble, said that 10 per cent of the recommended level of "Tide" would give the housewife in most areas a clean, bright, sanitary laundry, with minimum of colour fading and loss of fabric tensile strength.

A Procter and Gamble spokesman in Cincinnati said today his recommendations were based on information obtained from surveys on how much users considered necessary for getting clothes clean.

Mr Ostrander told the House Conservative Subcommittee that the amount of phosphate going into streams and lakes from detergents could be drastically reduced if housewives were told they need not use the quantities recommended.

ings between the Mafia and abroad. British authorities have been informed of our reasons for believing this traffic exists and have been alerted to the arrival in London of some works of art," he said.

Scotland Yard last night released photographs of the paintings found at Euston, but no precise details of the six missing pictures were available. But Dr Siviero, who said earlier this month that he knew the identity of London dealers handling smuggled paintings, brought a complete dossier on the Taverna—and other—thefts with him.

St Domenico, the church of Taverna's ancient Dominican monastery, is virtually an art gallery, devoted to Petti (1613-1699), the city's most famous son and the leader of the baroque school of Naples.

The most recent catalogue includes a portrait of St John the Baptist; a self-portrait of the artist; an Eternal Father; a Saint Giacinto; a Martyrdom of St Pietro of Verona; a painting of a Benedictine monk, and a Crucifixion.

Three other churches in Taverna contain Petti, including a St Barbara and the Madonna Della Purita.

Catching the artful dodger, page 11

Vorster rejects 'suicide' inquiry

From STANLEY UYS

Cape Town, October 29

A demand by shocked South Africans for an immediate judicial inquiry into the death of a political detainee, Ahmed Timol, aged 30, who allegedly jumped from the tenth floor of police headquarters in Johannesburg on Tuesday, was summarily rejected by the Prime Minister Mr Vorster, today. He said he could see "no necessity" for the inquiry.

Giving a warning that even more people could be expected to be detained—18 are being held already—Mr Vorster said the police would not be deterred from their legal duty to "contain terrorism and sabotage." They would perform this task notwithstanding any agitation by certain newspapers and persons to foment feelings against the police and to make their actions suspect.

Meanwhile, in the Pretoria Supreme Court today, Mr Justice Margo granted an urgent application by the father of another detainee—a 21-year-old Indian medical student, Mohamed Essop—for an order restraining the police from assaulting his son, interrogating him in a manner other than that prescribed by law, or from employing any undue pressure on him.

The judge said his judgment did not represent any finding on the facts for or against the applicant son, but was merely a procedural step which preserved the rights of the individual pending an investigation. "It seems to me that there should be a full investigation—the respondents (the State) should be entitled to vindicate themselves," he declared.

Mohamed Essop is in a prison hospital in Pretoria. His father claims he has been seriously injured, but a State physician denied this in court.

Although 17 non-whites have died during the past decade while detained by the security police, none has caused greater public shock and anger than that of Ahmed Timol, an Indian teacher.

Mr Michael Mitchell, MP, the opposition United Party's Shadow Minister of Justice, commenting on the police statement that Timol committed suicide, said: "Suddenly one finds an open window, and one asks how and why, and naturally—did he jump first or was he pushed?"

Among those who have called for a judicial inquiry into Timol's death are the Leader of the Opposition, Sir de Villiers

Turn to back page, col. 1



A Gandhi arrived in London yesterday and last night at the Royal Institute of International Affairs. Report by Hella Pick, page 2

Belfast police chief killed

By SIMON HOGGART

A police inspector was killed and two other policemen were injured when a bomb destroyed a police station in a residential part of Belfast yesterday. He was Inspector Alfred Devlin, aged 42, married, with two children.

The inspector, who was believed to be working in his first floor office when the explosion occurred, was buried under a pile of rubble several feet thick. The bomb had been planted near the deep freeze of a grocer's shop next door to the police station at the junction of Clonmel Road and the Antrim Road.

The manager, Mr George Taggart, and his customers that they had a bomb and warned them to get to the back of the shop. After a few moments, Mr Taggart and 10 customers ran out of the shop.

Mr Taggart was able to warn the owners of a chemist's shop next door. He then ran across the road. As he reached a lamp post about 20 yards away, the bomb exploded, wrecking both shops.

Rescuers, including police, soldiers, and civilians, had to plough through a titter of frozen food and chemist's supplies to reach the police station, where they scrambled to free the

trapped inspector. Later, an army bulldozer arrived to clear the rubble, and people were warned clear of the area because of fears of a gas leak.

Mrs Hadassah Lord, wife of the owner of the chemist's shop, said after the explosion: "We all knew in this area that this was going to happen. We knew the police station would be a target and we asked the Ministry of Home Affairs time and time again for an armed guard. But nobody did anything about it."

The explosion suggests that the IRA's campaign against policemen, which may be an attempt to destroy morale in

the RUC, is continuing. All policemen on duty in the streets now wear flak jackets like those worn by soldiers, and many carry side arms.

A busy shopping street in the centre of Belfast was sealed off yesterday. Police and soldiers searched every building and every person in the street, and police even brought bunches of keys so that they could open and search every vehicle.

Nothing was found. Last evening a bomb disposal officer dismantled a 50lb bomb discovered near an electricity transformer in Monkstown, a Belfast suburb.

Picture, page 5. Also border incidents, and Simon Winchester on tales of death by shooting

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Boys. 6 25 News. 6 11 Seven
Stars. 7 0 Starts on Sunday.
7 25 On the Buses. 7 55 Film:
"The Spy Who Came in From
the Cold," with Richard Burton,
Claire Bloom. Oscar Werner.
8 25 News. 8 55 Upstairs,
Downstairs. 11 15 Danger: Love
NIGHTLY (Granada).—11 0
a.m. Family Worship. 12 5 p.m.
Art for All. 12 30 Rules of the
Game. 12 55 Jobs in the House
3 55 Golden Shot. All Out.
Yesterdays. 1 55 Football. 2 50
Film: "Happy Go Lovely," with
David Niven. 4 40 Golden Shot.
5 35 Fiction. Boys. 6 5 News.
6 55 News. 7 25 On the Bus
Sunday. 7 25 On the Buses.
7 55 Film: "The Liquidator"
with Rod Taylor. July 10, 11
and 12. 8 55 Fiction. 9 55 News. 10 15
Upstairs, Downstairs. 11 15
The Scottish Yard Casebook. 11 55
Close.

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By SIMON WINCHESTER in Belfast

Winchester

THE SUPPLY,

HITEFOOT.—In memory of my dearly loved wife, **FRANCES EDNA**, October 30, 1968.—Tommy.

RIGLEY. — In loving memory of **ARTHUR**, who passed away, October 31, 1968. Sadly missed by Annie and Stephen.

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Dr. Brian Davies, Medical Officer of Health at Knighton, said the area in which Mr Davies lived did not have a rat problem, but Mr Davies periodically visited a brother in Leintwardine, 10 miles away, where there was trouble with rats.

Heath at RFH

The Prime Minister is to conduct the London Symphony Orchestra at a Royal Festival Hall concert in aid of the LSO Trust on November 28. He will conduct the opening work—Mozart's "Cockaigne Overture"—and André Previn will take the baton for the rest of the concert.

A BRITISH ARMY corporal had his marriage to a Thai girl dissolved in the High Court yesterday, because he had been "tricked" into marriage.

Mr Justice Park, in the Family Division, dissolved the marriage of Corporal Colin Arthur Jones, aged 28, of Church Road, Hablethorpe, Lincolnshire, and pronounced a decree of nullity. The decree would be made absolute immediately to enable the corporal to marry another girl.

The Thai girl subsequently married one of Jones's comrades in the Royal Engineers, Sapper Michael Hill, whom Jones had cited in alternative divorce proceedings.

Jones and Hill met the girl,

Daruni, in the summer of 1966 in the remote village of Kok Thalat in Thailand, the judge said.

"He met Daruni in a bar and, to use his own words, formed a bed relationship with her. By that he meant that he paid her money in order to keep herself for him," the judge said.

When Jones learned that he was to be posted to Singapore, Daruni said she would like to accompany him. He agreed to act as sponsor in her application for a visa.

In October 1968, she took him to a village, ostensibly to apply for a visa but in reality it was a wedding ceremony. Two certificates in the Thai language were given to Daruni.

Jones later left for Singapore and Daruni began sexual relations with Hill, said the judge. Later Daruni appeared in Singapore and said Jones was her husband. One of the documents was then found to be a marriage certificate.

After a legal advice Jones and Daruni went to the Thai Embassy in December, 1966, where they were divorced under Thai law. Later Daruni was sent back to Kok Thaiat, where Hill married her. They lived together until April, 1967, when Hill returned to England.

The judge said that, had he not found the marriage to be null because of Daruni's trickery, he would have held the divorce at the embassy to be valid.

DEATHS

ARNES, VICTOR CHARLES—Aged 67 years, of 120 Railway Road, Warrington, died at his residence, 110a Ilfraca, husband of Kathleen, daughter of Matthew, brother of Norman, Secretary and committee at Eccles Cemetery on Monday November 1st at 5.10 p.m. No flowers, but donations may be sent in lieu to Cancer Research Campaign, c/o Miss Moore, 121, Victoria Road, Warrington, inquires to J. B. Smithells on 4377/6735.

BARING—On October 26, 1971, suddenly at his residence, 11, St. Andrew's, GIBBINS, of 11 Sandhurst Avenue, St. Ann's, died at his residence, 11 Sandhurst Avenue, St. Ann's, husband of Ethel and beloved father of John and David (both deceased). Service at St. Ann's Church Road, Warrington, at St. Ann's, Tuesday, November 2, at 2.30 p.m. Flowers by kind friends, 2.50 Crematorium, Lytham St. Anne's, 2.50 donations in lieu of other please but to be sent to the Warrington Methodist Missionary Retirement Fund, c/o Rev. Canon J. H. Smith, St. Ann's, on 4377/6735. Inquires to A. Porter, Tel.: Lytham 5426.

donations to the British Empire Cancer Campaign can be sent to the Cancer Research Campaign, c/o Eccles Cemetery, St. Ann's, Church, Salford, Lancs. Salford 4 5G.

SERVICES.—On October 28, 1971, DAVID ABRAHAMSON, 68 years old, father of Myrtle (Abramson), Leonard and Stanley, died at 88 Upper Park Road, Haldon, England, 5 p.m.
ARRIVAL.—On October 28, 1971, in a bridge of Allen Nursing Home, EY (Mrs. Gordon) arrived at 207 St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada.
CITIZENSHIP.—On October 28, 1971, JOHN J. KENNEDY, 47 years old, 4671 Avenue, Ashdon-under-Lyne, ENOS arrived in London, Ontario. He was loved husband of Joseph, dear father of Joan, Susan and Brian, and a loving grandfather of three children. He died at Oakfield Crematorium on October 27, 1971, at 11:30 a.m., after a long illness.
Inquiries to Kenworthy's Funeral Service, Tel.: 061-330 1321.

In Memoriam

HUTEPORT.—In memory of my dearly loved wife, EDNA, who passed away October 30, 1968.—Tommy.

GRILEY.—In loving memory of ARTHUR, who passed away October 29, 1971, by his son, Annie and Stephen.

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Another 'Red Book' on way

Copies of "The Little Red Schoolbook" are to be destroyed after yesterday's appeal decision to uphold convictions. But a new version, dealing with all the points raised in the judgment, will be available within a few weeks, the publisher said.

Mr Richard Handyside, owner of Stage One Publications, said he was "very depressed" at the decision of the London Sessions Juvenile Committee, but not "particularly surprised".

Earlier, Judge Gerald Hines dismissed Mr Handyside's appeal against two convictions of £25 each, with £110 costs, for two offences of being in possession of the book. He also ordered to pay the prosecution's costs of £1,000.

Judge Hines said Mr Handyside had not established a defence under the new Publications Act that was in the public interest to publish the book. Many pieces in the book were good but on balance of probabilities they did not outweigh the tendency to deprave and corrupt.

The book was available to schoolchildren of 12 and above. It was no part of the appeal to say whether the book was a contribution to education. But real responsibility should be exercised by those with extreme views.

Mr Handyside said the book was a very largely humorous and satirical work. He said the committee felt the whole of the book was a contribution to education. But real responsibility should be exercised by those with extreme views.

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Pendulum swings out of dark

AT THE end of the week that Britain finally decided to go into Europe, the clocks recoil one hour from those on that receptive Continent. Just when Mr Heath calls on us to embrace a new era, Britain opts for the old one again as far as its winter clocks are concerned — putting them back one hour tomorrow morning after the unpopular two-year experiment to follow continental practice.

There were few protesting

voices at the move, though the London Chamber of Commerce and Industry did call it "a thoroughly retrograde step" and say that Britain was "turning its back on Europe".

The strange thing was that the chamber did not maintain at the same time that America was turning its back on itself, since it has managed to live for years with no fewer than five time zones without getting into a state where it cannot talk to itself.

The chamber, ploughing a lonely furrow, said it had always believed that the advantages of year-round summer time far outweighed the disadvantages. The advantages included easier communication with Europe and more daylight leisure time for most of the British Isles.

And the chamber went on to predict that public opinion might veer back to BST after this weekend — a prediction about as sanguine as the hope that Harold Wilson and Roy Jenkins will embrace in the Grand Place in Brussels.

The truth is that the opposition to all-year-round summertime has been broad-based and extensive, from milkers of cows in the Hebrides to postmen falling down steps in Orkington.

It is true that the evening rush hour will be darker, and that children will be at risk

in the evenings; but this is only a transfer of risk, as during the two-year experiment they have been more at risk in the mornings on their way to school. Mr John Peyton, the Minister of Transport, nevertheless issued a warning yesterday that during the evening darkness pedestrians, especially children, should wear reflective or light coloured clothing.

The balance of risk arguments have always been inconclusive. What have remained consistent are the objections of the builders, who estimated that the daring experiment was costing them an extra £30 millions a year. The farmers have been consistent, maintaining that animals take more notes of the sun than of the clock. The postmen claim that personal accidents to them doubled. The men who spread

the salt and sand in the winter mornings have consistently maintained that the "new" idea made their work more difficult.

One of the few allies of the London Chamber of Commerce is the power industry, which estimated that the shift in peak demand to the morning period, had it continued, would have saved them one power station, deferring a need to spend £100,000.

There will also, of course, be those who can never remember whether the clock goes forward or backwards, and so turn up at the dentist, say, two hours too early. Apart from that, the putting back of the clocks this week — a Commons Market decision or no — proved as good a pretext for protest as a 15 wage increase all round.

Dennis Barker

BBC accused of arrogance by bishop

By BADEN HICKMAN, Churches Correspondent

Dr Mervyn Stockwood, the Bishop of Southwark, accused the BBC last night of "incompetence" and "arrogance" in the way it handled his complaints over the controversial Panorama programme on the Church of England.

He said he would not allow the "incompetence" of BBC producers and the "misbehaviour" of Mr Kenneth Lamb, director of public affairs, to give a false impression of the work being done by faithful priests in his diocese.

"The BBC needs to remember that it is a servant and not a dictator," Dr Stockwood told his diocesan synod. "It is ultimately the public that pays for it."

Dr Stockwood devoted almost the whole of his presidential address dissecting the programme — "The Church of England Today" — and explaining how it took him three months to obtain an apology for a social worker from a BBC producer. He claimed many of the statements in the programme were not only seriously detrimental to the diocese but were untrue.

Among items in the programme taken up by the bishop — it was centred largely on the Southwark diocese — was a detailed reference to Chaucer House, a residence for homeless families. A resident alleged the Church showed little interest in the people, even when babies had died.

Dr Stockwood regarded this as "a grave charge". When the rector of the parish complained to him, giving details of pastoral care, on June 11, the bishop sent a copy of the letter to Mr Charles Curran, Director General of the BBC, on June 17.

After two acknowledgments, Dr Stockwood said last night, he eventually had a reply on July 30. Mr Curran

expressed the hope that the products had done his best to act fairly and responsibly.

"I replied to the effect that his letter made the position even worse than it was before. Above all, I complained of the incompetence of the producers in allowing a man to make these flagrant allegations against the Church without first consulting the two men who alone were in a position to know the facts, the rector and the bishop."

(Details of the Church's interest in the homeless families, submitted by the bishop to the synod, included the rehousing of 32 families from Chaucer House and Newington Lodge, another residence, run by Church funds.)

Dr Stockwood said that when Mr Curran asked of the correspondence he had to deal with Mr Lamb, the director of public affairs.

There had been no apology of any sort to the bishop or the clergy who had the pastoral care of Chaucer House. Instead, Dr Stockwood went on, "Mr Lamb excelled himself by one of the most foolish and pompous demands that any man could have made of a bishop. 'Unless and until' I proved to him that the statement was in fact false, he would neither withdraw or apologise."

"He had the facts and figures handed to him by myself on a plate. On October 22, four months after I initiated the correspondence, Mr Lamb designed to accept the evidence. However, he does not apologise. Instead, he makes what must be the quote of the year for an April Fool's Day. Having considered my evidence and having re-read the unsubstantiated statement of the tenant, Mr Lamb says, 'The statements on either side are not mutually inconsistent.'"

The BBC issued this statement last night.

"The corporation takes grave exception to the nature and content of the Bishop's attack on certain of its officials and programme-makers in connection with the edition of 'Panorama' broadcast on May 24, and rejects his allegations of incompetence, 'misbehaviour', and 'arrogance'."

"The Bishop is, of course, entitled to add the expression of his own view of the programme itself to the wide variety of others which were expressed at the time. He is not entitled to misrepresent the correspondence between himself and the BBC. His account of that correspondence is inaccurate and misleading."

"To give one example, the Bishop refers to a statement made in the programme by Mr Riches, the secretary of the Tenants' Association at Chaucer House — that in the time he had been there, which was approximately eight months, he had never seen a priest in the yard. Contrary to what the Bishop implies in his account, it was not until October 21 that the BBC received, for the first time, evidence from the Bishop that Mr Riches' individual experience, the statement of which he did not challenge, did not reflect the full objective facts. On the following day, the BBC invited the Bishop to a forthcoming edition of 'Talk-back' to give him an opportunity of stating his criticism publicly and discussing it with the 'Panorama' reporter concerned."

"The ban on the import of horses from the United States and Canada is to be relaxed between November 1 and the end of March, the Ministry of Agriculture announced yesterday. It was imposed on July 14 to counter the risk of introducing Venezuelan equine encephalitis, a disease which is often fatal, and can also affect people."

Imports from America will be licensed subject to veterinary safeguards, but no licences will be granted for horses which have been in Texas, Mississippi, or Louisiana since July 1.

Mr Caplan said that in a book, "The Stockholder", published in the US, it was claimed that Mr Stolk's father-in-law had received 10 years for fraud "which certain cynical Chicagoans considered master-minded."

Mr Stolk, who said he was once worth £100 millions, also denied that he had fooled Mrs Patricia Wolfson, aged 32, into thinking he was divorced.

"You were most cruelly deceiving this innocent girl and conniving her all the time about how you were free to marry her," Mrs Wolfson's counsel, Mr Leonard Caplan, QC, suggested.

"That is not true," Mr Stolk replied.

Mr Stolk, of Los Angeles, was being cross-examined during the second day of the action in which he sues Mrs Wolfson, former wife of Sir Isaac Wolfson's nephew, David, for the return of

nearly £250,000 worth of jewellery and property which he claims he gave her in contemplation of their marriage.

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Plea for Welsh in court

By ANN CLWYD

Plaid Cymru is to urge the Government to allow court cases to be heard in Welsh. An emergency motion calling for this action was unanimously carried by delegates representing 40,000 Welsh nationalists at a party conference at Portcawl yesterday.

The motion, tabled by the executive committee, said: "It is the solemn responsibility of the Westminster Government to remove the present abhorrent situation in order to restore respect for law and order."

It also gave a warning that unless effective steps were taken within three months "to remove the injustice," the executive in consultation with other bodies and individuals, would summon the Government before the Human Rights Commission.

Mr Robyn Lewis, a solicitor and member of the party executive, said it had been a nightmare for him to see the Welsh language downgraded in the courts. He had sometimes advised his clients not to speak Welsh because to do so would alienate the court.

The attitude of the authorities was that English should at all times prevail. A motion by Caerphilly constituency party asking the conference to give more direct support to the policies of the Welsh Language Society was defeated by an executive amendment which merely agreed to support the aims of the Welsh Language Society, so avoiding any link with the militant actions of the society.

Every word spoken at the Plaid Cymru conference is translated into Welsh and English, but at one point during the day the chairman appealed to delegates who wandered from one language to the other: "Pick your language and stick to it — otherwise you make things difficult for the interpreters."

A suggestion that political broadcasts of English parties should be jammed was defeated, but it was decided that the party should launch a campaign to gain more time for Plaid Cymru broadcasts.

Dr Phil Williams, chairman of the party, supporting a motion which condemned the proposed new town at Llantrisant, said the planners tended to look on people as commodities in the same way as bricks and mortar. The whole philosophy of the new town disregarded the value of community life. "The planners have not consulted the people who live in the Rhondda and other South Wales valleys whether they want to move to the new town — they just assumed it."

Closing the prosecution's case, Mr Henry Parnall said of the boy, Mario Carroll: "The Crown must make each of you feel sure that he was capable of forming an intent and that he did know right from wrong."

"Having seen him during the last few days sitting in the dock and his behaviour there, and even more so perhaps, his behaviour in the witness box, you may think that he was an alert boy with a quick mind and is full of native wit."

It was "almost ludicrous" that Carroll did not fully understand what he had done, said Mr Parnall.

Mr Justice Ackner, summing up, said: "There is a presumption and assumption that between the ages of 10 and 14 the child is incapable of criminal intention. It is a presumption that weakens as that child moves up in years towards 14. It is a presumption which can be rebutted — eliminated."

Carroll, of Chicksand Street, Stepney, London, and James Archib, of Matilda House, Thomas More Street, Stepney, have denied murdering Mr Harry Lillywhite, aged 82. They have also denied conspiracy to rob Mr Lillywhite.

Earlier, it had been alleged that Johnston and Carroll planned to rob Mr Lillywhite and Johnston had hit the old man with a spanner.

Mr Louis Blom-Cooper, QC, for Carroll, said it was despicable for Johnston to say he had been "egged on" by a socially handicapped 12-year-old. Carroll was a casualty of today's society.

Johnston, said his QC, Mr Ashe Lincoln, was an immature sort of man to be scared of being called "chicken" by a boy of 12 — "an alert little urchin."

The hearing was adjourned until Monday.

Landlady to stay in gaol

A landlady, imprisoned for contempt of a court injunction stopping her from harassing her tenants, will not be released until November 12, Judge Leslie ruled at Marylebone County Court yesterday. An application for immediate release from prison by Mrs Susan Baker (28), who has three children, was premature, the judge ruled.

He added: "This is one of the worst cases of harassing of tenants I have heard of."

Mrs Baker, of Gloucester Terrace, Paddington, London, was gaoled by Judge Curtis Raleigh at the same court on October 20 for breach of a court injunction ordering her not to interfere with seven tenants. It had been alleged that the tenants at a house in Sutherland Avenue, Maida Vale, which was owned by Mrs Baker had been harassed and had since left.

The alleged harassment included nailing up the front door, an attempt to double the rent, the cutting off of water supply, and a "hippy invasion."

Mrs Baker did not appear in court yesterday when application for a release was made by her counsel, Mr Simon Goldblatt.

Judge Leslie said: "It would reduce the orders of the court to a farcical proportion if it were impossible to punish a breach of the order when it is committed as flagrantly as it was in this case."

Judge Leslie, making an order for Mrs Baker's release on November 12, said he had taken account her argument in an affidavit regarding her children. "The defendant should be kept in prison until she has purged her contempt and that will not happen until November 12," he added.

"Mrs Baker's affidavit read: 'It was never my personal intention to drive any of the tenants out of their rooms. But I do now appreciate that I accepted the status of landlord and so became responsible in law for the conduct of the premises. I acquiesced in a

Boy, 12, 'knew his crime'

A boy aged 12 knew right from wrong and should therefore be convicted of the murder or manslaughter of a crippled man, the jury at the Central Criminal Court was told yesterday.

Closing the prosecution's case, Mr Henry Parnall said of the boy, Mario Carroll: "The Crown must make each of you feel sure that he was capable of forming an intent and that he did know right from wrong."

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Mr Stolk arriving at court for yesterday's hearing

Millionaire says he is no playboy

THE American multi-millionaire, Ralph Stolk, aged 52, denied in the High Court yesterday that he was "a playboy, a yacht-sailing, jet-setting, con-man who was lucky not to be in gaol."

Mr Stolk, who said he was once worth £100 millions, also denied that he had fooled Mrs Patricia Wolfson, aged 32, into thinking he was divorced.

"You were most cruelly deceiving this innocent girl and conniving her all the time about how you were free to marry her," Mrs Wolfson's counsel, Mr Leonard Caplan, QC, suggested.

"That is not true," Mr Stolk replied.

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nearly £250,000 worth of jewellery and property which he claims he gave her in contemplation of their marriage.

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Channel 'stunt' condemned

Two students rescued by helicopter on Thursday from a wardrobe in which they were adrift in the Channel were reprimanded yesterday by the Department of Trade and Industry.

One of the men, Richard Lejeune, aged 23, of Green Lane, Penzance, London, admitted that they had set out in a deliberate attempt to prove how easy it was to be rescued in the Channel, compared with the difficulty of arranging Government relief for Pakistan. But the department said: "It is stupid stunts like this that can lose lives."

Women held at assize trial

Four demonstrators — including three women students — at the Welsh Language Society trials at Flintshire Assizes at Mold yesterday were ordered to be kept in custody for contempt of court.

Gruffydd Eryl Owen, aged 20, of Bodelwyddan, must stay in custody until the end of the assizes. The three women — Ann Gruffydd Rhys, aged 19, Sian Miarzynska, aged 21, both of Blaen-y-Wawr, Bangor, and Margaret Iris Davies, aged 20, of Mison Street, Cardiff — were held until the end of yesterday's hearings.

Another youth was brought before the judge in the afternoon for interrupting Mr Eifion Roberts in his opening address to the jury. The judge told the youth that he would stay in custody until his identity was known. He would decide on Monday what action to take.

The interruptions came at the end of one case — and at the beginning of the next. In the first, Trystan Iorwerth Jones (18), a student of Waunfawr, Caernarvonshire; Wayne Marc Williams (18), a student of Brougham Avenue, Fordham, Swansea; and Groun Davies (22), a student of Westminster Close, Wrexham, were found guilty of conspiracy to enter the Independent Television

premises at St Hilary, Glamorgan, and interfere with transmissions.

Groun Davies was also involved in the next case, but no evidence was offered against him, and he was remanded in custody to await sentence.

The other two men in the second case, the Rev. Eifion Wynn Lewis (36), of Llanfyllin, Montgomeryshire, and Philip Wyn Davies (21), a student of Mallow Avenue, Dorchester, are accused of conspiracy to enter BBC premises at Blaenplwyf, Cardiganshire. The judge ordered "not guilty" pleas to be entered.

When Philip Davies was asked his name he said he did not recognise the court because it was being held in English, which was a contempt of the Welsh language, and also because it was a political trial.

He interrupted several times as attempts were made to read the charge and added: "I have said, I don't intend to let the proceedings of this court go on." The judge ordered a not guilty plea to be entered when he refused to plead, and ordered him to the cells.

Outside the court, police struggled with demonstrators as attempts were made to pull down the Union Jack from the flagpole.

The hearing was adjourned until Monday.

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aid urged for first homes

provision of Government for people buying their houses for the first time recommended in Edinburgh yesterday by a leading builder.

Dennis Thain, managing director of Albert Thain (Holdings) Ltd, a conference of money for housing.

Scotland had the worst housing record in West-

ern governments he stated that an increase in proportion of owner-

ship was a sign of social progress. The increasing proportion of local authority houses in Scotland therefore could be used as a sign of social

By JOHN KEER

special consideration in Scotland for our industries but I firmly believe that unless special consideration is given to rapidly increasing the proportion of private houses in Scotland, no amount of Government aid will reverse the present depressed situation.

That, he suggested, could be achieved only by the introduction of subsidies or grants to people buying their own house for the first time.

Mr Thain argued that with savings which could be made through higher densities, standardisation of design and simpler planning conditions, private builders could provide houses at 20 per cent less than

the present typical price in Scotland.

He also criticised the standards of local authority housing. The life of a council house, he said, seemed to be considerably less than that of a privately-built house. Many local authority houses built 40 years ago lay boarded up and, in some areas, the scene of decay and desolation was appalling.

In general, local authority houses were considerably smaller than private houses. Mr Thain added, "A recently commissioned report showed that people will want larger houses in the future and thus we as a nation will have a legacy of hundreds of thousands of houses too small for our anticipated needs for the latter part of this century."

Land shortage on the outskirts of London has led to a plot costing £6,000, Mr Harry Shousmith, president of the National Federation of Building Trades Employers, said yesterday at a meeting of the federation's southern counties region in London.

"A parcel of land on the outskirts of London recently changed hands at a price which, at 14 new homes to the acre, will work out at £6,000 for each plot before a brick is laid. The land alone will, therefore, cost the purchasers around £30 a month in repayments," he said.

The scarcity of land was alone responsible, and the federation had been warning the Government for many years the situation would arise.

"Unless the Government, planning authorities and local preservation groups between them make more determined efforts to release land in areas where people want to live, the home building programme will fall away and home ownership hopes of thousands will be dashed," he said.

'no piece of sycophantic adulation, but a strong psychological study, the story of an extraordinary young man, brought up in circumstances which might well spell disaster to the modern psychiatrist...'

RECENTLY the "Young Winston" main unit returned to Shepperton after six weeks' work in Morocco. Aside from an easy last day around Marrakesh station, had endured two punishing locations, the first, 5,000ft up in the High Atlas, in hostile terrain still grimly associated by British stunts with Lawrence of Arabia; and the second near "Kilometre 49," 25 miles west of Marrakesh. Work in the mountains (Winston, 1897) had been slowed by the worst weather in 50 years, including sleet and hail, and there were unrelenting accidents, such as the stroke suffered by director Richard Attenborough's driver as they were on a perilous bend, and the flash flood which half buried the location manager in his vehicle.

Generally, then, the move to the parched and dusty plain, in temperatures up to 125deg., had been welcome. Here, over fields stripped of their usual crop of millet, the Battle of Omdurman (Sudan, 1898) was re-enacted with over a thousand extras of the Moroccan army, doubling both as outnumbered British cavalry and

ambushing Dervishes, with expert "stunters," including Ken Buckle and Tommy Reeves supplying the falls. In the thick of the action, firing the famous Mauser (or a copy of it) and exclaiming, as he noticed the enemy concealed in a dry river bed, "Good Christ, where the hell did they come from," rode Simon Ward, as Lieutenant Churchill, W.S., attached as supernumerary to the 21st Lancers. Here, too, in the intervals of over-seeing the staging of various "incidents," Attenborough, severely victimized by the desert flu which had plagued most of the unit, talked of the joys and miseries of his present filming.

First, there was the satisfaction of Producer Carl Foreman's script: no piece of sycophantic adulation, but a strong psychological study, the story of an extraordinary young man, brought up in circumstances which might well spell disaster to the modern psychiatrist, deprived of the tender concern of his mother and witness to the destruction of his brilliant father, whose understanding he craved and never received.

Foreman, says Attenborough, has

effectively spread Winston's escapes as correspondent and subaltern throughout the tale, making it a fascinating adventure yarn, "but a thousand times more thrilling because of what it brash and ambitious hero will become... Perhaps if he'd had the upbringing and environment which we all now believe to be so vital to the properly adjusted child, he might never have been capable of making the decisions so crucial to the survival of freedom in the Second World War."

Then the performances of his players: finding Simon Ward "a miracle"; and Robert Shaw's burning energy as Lord Randolph, his capacity to suggest he is actually coining the brilliant phrases, and his depiction of the total disintegration of an extraordinary intellect, "masterly." But Attenborough's most lyrical praise goes to the lady he calls "the greatest actress of her generation; who begins, in performance, where we poor mortals who call ourselves actors, end." This is Anne Bancroft, as Jennie Jerome. Though Attenborough always doubted the wisdom of his playing both Randolph and directing as Foreman originally suggested, he was sure from the

outset that somehow "Annie R." must be persuaded to take the part which, after four refusals, she finally accepted.

As to the production's difficulties, in a rare moment of bitterness, Attenborough says: "The weather has been a sod... it's really driven us mad." He was not only referring to the week lost in Wales at the outset of shooting, nor to the storms in the High Atlas, but to his current locale. "Prior to this week," he continued, "we've sat on our bottoms, waiting for that little sixpenny patch of blue to come through on a shot which you shouldn't really have to grab. With a charge of several hundred horses you need the ease and comfort of knowing you can do it when they're really ready."

The next day, Attenborough's illness forced him to rest, and Foreman took over temporarily. He was his usual ebullient and determined self, seeming to thrive on problems. "Great, great difficulties, but a great experience, and we're really getting some pretty good stuff," Dickie, who has always been a marvellous actor, is proving to be a very talented director, and people who liked his "Oh! What a Lovely War,"

as I did, are going to see he's grown tremendously.

Foreman talks entertainingly of his three meetings with W.S.C. who liked his "Guns of Navarone" on at least two counts—it had action aplenty and, to an aging warrior, hard of hearing, it was LOUD. Foreman doubts if he really was the person to film Churchill's book, "My Early Life," as was suggested—privileged young men, thrusting their way into public esteem and thence into Parliament by blatant self-advertisement, were not his scene. Only when he perceived Winston as a deprived youth, who spent the adventurous years from seventeen to twenty-six trying to win parental tenderness and approval did the subject tell. Over the past eight years, he has examined ways of telling this story, finally producing a script which contains strong elements of action, accurate biography, social comment, and humour, in the dry Churchillian vein.

Foreman's epic, now in its final stages of shooting, is over budget and over schedule. But the spirit of its creators remains strong and, as did the brash and energetic careerist of the title, they expect finally to triumph.

IT CREATED a stir in Wardour Street when Simon Ward was chosen to play the title role in Young Winston. It was not that those who had seen him act—and many had not—doubted his ability to do so, but that his name had become synonymous in the West End with the playing of amoral, androgynous young persons about as different from the Churchill figure as it was possible to be. Plays such as "Loot," "Wise Child" and "Spoiled," which brought him excellent notices and more of the same kind of thing. Parts he now refers to as "girls, poofs, softies and weirdos."

It was obviously then a pretty far-sighted choice on the part of Carl Foreman and Richard Attenborough. In one sense his face has been his misfortune. He has the pure, classical good looks that in adolescence are sexless—in that they do not appear to be the sole property of either sex, witness Bjorn Anderson in "Death in Venice." That's how it was with Ward when he played Hamlet at 21 for the National Youth Theatre, and although his face has obviously toughened and matured in eight years he can still pass for 18, which put him first in the running for the Joe Orton-Simon Gray sort of part. With the film nearing completion, Ward has just returned from six weeks' arduous shooting in the deserts of Morocco, and talked about his transition from playing the "bent" juve to the "straight" star.

"The first thing to say about playing those strange, passive, ambidextrous young men," he said, "is that it was terribly hard work. Far more than if one was playing forceful, driving characters. Because they appear to be doing nothing you have to find a lot in yourself to make them in any way rounded rather than leaving them as inexplicable cyphers. To show this 'inner tension' thing I had to do far more work in all those plays than characters who appeared to be doing all the pushing around because nothing was ever explained about my roles."

Coming to play Churchill, was, he said, like taking the handbrake off. "Just about everyone who has ever heard of me thought of me in those terms. It was a slow process so that at first I didn't realise just how type-cast as ambidextrous I had become. Also I was successful doing it. The only choice open to me previously was to play these parts or not to work at all. My appearance worked for me in that I was chosen at all, but against me since all it brought were odd parts."

Since "The Young Winston" follows Churchill from the shy, repressed boy he was at 17, to the strong man he had become by the time he made his great Commons speech at 27, Ward is able to put his foot down on the throttle slowly through the film, as he put it, and to allow his technique to grow with the man. The incredible metamorphosis of Churchill from a much-occupied Ward. At first he tended to regard Carl Foreman's theory of it being a classic case of an oedipus complex as too simplistic. With increasing research, though, the more accept-



Simon Ward as 'Young Winston'

Soldier Blue

As 'Young Winston,' the film of Churchill's early adventures, nears completion George Curry (above) describes the on-location shooting in Morocco, and Catherine Stott talks to the man in the title role.

able it became. "This development from his father's death was staggering. From 18, when it happened, onwards, he flowered with extraordinary speed and within three years he seems to have grown completely."

In "My Early Life" Churchill describes life after leaving Sandhurst as opening like Aladdin's Cave... an endless moving picture in which one was an actor. His description of the cavalry charge at Omdurman leaves one in no doubt that he was very consciously projecting an image of commanding ferocity so that his enemies would give him what he called "a wide berth." There was a quality of great acting in Churchill that Ward has seized upon for his portrayal.

"He was undoubtedly an extraordinary showman. He was aware of himself and saw himself with detachment moving through this extraordinary life. He sought excitement and the cavalry charge gave him what he had been

searching for all his life up to that point." The filming of the charge was scaring enough, to electrify the most jaded spirit. Ward said he was pretty terrified even though he was not being pursued by Fuzzy Wuzzies but the Moroccan army in drag. Before the film he was no horseman and recalling the charge said "it was electrifying. You let this machine under you go and there is no way on earth of stopping it. I did the charge maybe 30 times and I found the exhilaration won for the first few takes of every shot."

"After that I began to feel I was pushing my luck rather with people coming off all around me. We lost quite a few of the cavalry with broken collar bones and ribs."

Ward has thought a lot about what makes old men into great old men. His theory is an interesting one, and appears to apply as much to people like Wedgehouse and Picasso as to Churchill. "The great ability is to be

able to go on growing up all your life but always to retain the wisdom of 60, the fire of 20 and the enthusiasm of six. Churchill was all his ages all his life and it takes a great personality to be able to do that, because things become blunted and confused and you cease to be surprised. People become channelled into their own personalities and seem to lose the ability to go on developing, but Churchill never lost his capacity for excitement and his ability to rise to a new challenge."

"Physical energy is obviously an important factor with great men. I've given this a lot of thought because while playing Churchill I've never felt better in my life: yet I have never slept less and I am one of the few people who didn't succumb to the stomach bug in Morocco. I've been exhilarated and never bored into lethargy. Churchill lived life to the full and was never bored. Physical energy, I'm sure, does come from the psyche." Ward added that although people tend

to think of Churchill as having been built like an ox, as a young man in the photographs he was really quite lithe, and rather similar in shape to Ward himself. He had no problem in looking like the 17-year-old Churchill at the beginning of the film. "My rather strange problem," he admitted, "was in not being sure that I could look like 26. I presume that one day I shall wake up and look in the mirror and this terrible old Dorian Gray will be leering out at me. It causes me embarrassment and gets my leg pulled. In 'Spoiled' I actually felt it was obscene to be playing a character more than 10 years younger than myself."

"After Churchill, if I am not a total disaster, things must be slightly different. I hope to be regarded as having passed the stage of playing the massive young men, and the parts will have to be better than 'goodish.'"

Richard Attenborough was heard to remark that Simon Ward's face had acquired a new shape since he started filming. Members of the unit said he took about a minute to tauten and toughen his facial muscles before each take until he uncannily resembled the pictures of the young Churchill, which Ward says must be a subconscious process which comes from having absorbed a lot about the man during his studies of him.

"I'm in no way a transformation actor though. In the minute before a take when my face is said to change I am focusing my concentration. I've never taken acting very seriously and have never previously thought that I would be able to approach what I think it is that great actors do, which is to me what acting is about... a living demonstration of feeling and thought, and in a way I've been heartened because I begin to see glimmers of what those people do."

"In the past I've been rather a lazy actor and have concentrated on the wrong things. In the Youth Theatre I was as interested in the direction or the lighting as in the acting. It's an egocentric thing you have to have and I didn't have it and indeed used to rather congratulate myself on the ability to concentrate on the whole rather than just on my part. Now I think that is wrong: obviously an unselfish regard for the whole is vital but more concentration on the self is essential to great acting."

The biggest problem in playing someone like Churchill, Ward felt, was in the vast responsibility to the great man himself. He was delighted when they were not given permission to film in Churchill's house because when he comes up against the real life he feels dwarfed by it and, he said—very silly, "I hope, I dearly hope that in some way I will have done him justice. It is a question of size. I did do research on Churchill's life after the point where the film ends. If I had become aware of the physical size of the man for a start, I would have related myself to that and felt lost and tiny. I often wonder if Churchill knew what it was to feel tiny."

HABIT FORMING BUT NICE

The week on radio by Gillian Reynolds

NEXT WEEK, the BBC will be announcing all sorts of new plans for the reshaping of weekend radio. On the principle expressed in the line from the Joni Mitchell song, "You don't know what you've got till it's gone," is perhaps worth restating that one of the ingrained motives for radio listening is habit.

Take "Saturday Night Theatre" Radio 4, for instance. As far back as can remember, it's always been there. Now, while this is no particular argument for this or any other programme always remaining, yet into the tenth generation, there is definite sort of reassurance to be had from always listening to the same things at the same time every week.

Beyond that, of course, is pleasure. The programme, like you and last Saturday's play, Stan! Houghton's "The Younger Generation," certainly pleased me. It was neat, quietly humorous study of a Victorian family, in which the children gain their independence and the father made to examine the basis of his views, and all of this is accomplished through honesty and with affective Tony Clee's production absolutely captured this tone with a cast made perfect sense of the play's modest morality. It was a very English play and one might further say, for the best reason, it was a provincial play. By this I mean it's naturalistic in dialogue and characterisation, its plotting only slightly reinforcing a situation which is familiar in family life, and its resolution that sort of precise mechanical to which one can have one's own actually encounters but consters hopes for.

It is rare to find that Saturday night's Radio 4 play has anything at all in common with Sunday night's play Radio 3, but last week I think happened. Henry Reed's celebratory "Return to Naples" was broadcast again last Sunday in the production Douglas Cleverdon, first heard in August on the radio, was a play of the modesty of the play's a young Englishman's discovery himself and his own country through his contact over the years with Italian family.

Having heard Martin Esslin's with such passion recently of necessity to move people by violence, art, and having seen heard on week's "Scandal" and Radio 4's Mike Meyer discussing the English dis for the madness in Strindberg, I almost ashamed to admit to pleasure in two plays where wis- seen to grow quietly and after- to enable.

Having tuned early to Radio 5 this, I caught by chance R. D. Smith's "Englishman looks at me Scottish poetry," which was one of the best programmes of and about poetry have ever heard. Mr Smith's self-appreciation is a privilege to share. I will humbly throw myself, in spite- least, at his feet again this Sunday Part 2 of this (repeated) and anthology.

I had thought after hearing the of the series that I would never risk fatal atrophy of the law muscles by listening to "Tarbock" (Monday, Radios 1 and 2) but once I heard it, I realised that I have been too hastily cruel. It that if one consciously listens comedy programme in order to judgment on it one is in a far receptive mood than is normal, and right? Anyway, two mome- last week's show were certainly catching: the take-off of the of Bill Campbell and his Cabin 6, Pines radio show, and Derek G. beautifully timed piece of philo- about how things might be worse, could all be living in Russia."

If this kind of comic non se- pleases you, do not miss "Ti Living," on Radios 1 and 2, and Wednesday's. The dialogue, he Leslie Randall and Warren M. revolve around the rights of and they are written and acted with a skill and understanding has made me an addict of the st it were done without an audi- think I might even like it better.

review

ICA

Caroline Tisdall

Picasso

TO CELEBRATE Picasso's ninetieth birthday and as a gesture of gratitude for the encouragement he has given them, the ICA is staging an exhibition of Picassos from London collections. Works of every period, from 1895 to the present day are included: oils, etchings, collage, water colours, drawings, and a few pieces of sculpture. Looking at them in their well-lit frames in a specially fashioned gallery, reverent and secluded, it's hard to remember that this name once meant iconoclasm and affront.

This is caused not only by Picasso's withdrawal over the past decades, but more significantly by the simple fact that most of his innovations have been carried as far as they can be by successive artists, most of whom he has outlived. These innovations are represented in the exhibition: the perceptual revolution of Cubism, the incorporation into the artificiality of the art work of elements of real life in the collages, the breaking down of barriers between painting and sculpture, and the introduction of the metamorphosis of ready-made objects into a new context. The joke, the game, based always round the human situation, and the feeling that the barriers he once pushed back have closed in on him again.

Challenged by his apparent lack of

activity towards the end of his life. Duchamp replied "I like breathing better than working." For Picasso working is obviously and legendarily synonymous with breathing. Both now stem more from enjoyment than exertion, but there is a touch of desperate irony in his statement: "If I paint as many paintings as I do, it's because I'm searching for spontaneity." Like Duchamp, Picasso countered the fraught old question: "What is art?" with a counter question: "What is not?" But Duchamp's questioning opened up for artists a limitless process, unlike Picasso's. This explains to a large extent why Picasso's name is rarely invoked by artists working now, and why his birthday exhibition has such an art historical air.

TELEVISION

Nancy Banks-Smith

Play for Today

I THINK "Evelyn," BBC-1's Play for Today, had considerable charm. And I don't know why I should sound so aggressive about it except, perhaps, that I fear you may despise it. And charm is a difficult thing to define or defend.

Evelyn had the ridiculous pretentiousness of a present all done up in a printed paper and ribbon, roses, silver foil and soft tissue, and though the present was a little on the small side when you got to it, it was all very deftly done. The other night "Today," telling the next morning's programme, promised that if I got up at 7 a.m. I would be told. "Is The Male Menopause a Myth." But people will say anything at midnight and they never told me the answer or, if they did, I wasn't listening. But the question is obviously one which exercises the middle-aged man, Edward Woodward, in "Evelyn," and, in a physical sense, the available girl, Angela Scoular.

The situation is trite and the girl is,

in a sense, the archetypal golden-hearted tart. But she is a charming sketch of a totally contemporary type: generous in her profligacy, a promiscuous affection for everybody; far more generous than her lovers who tend to find themselves "a bit short at the moment"; a victim figure and a Marilyn Monroe past. Her world is without hedonism. An open plan open house, indecent or, at best, untidy to the middle-aged mind. All their borrowing money from your husband's girlfriend, boyfriend, or recommending your ex-husband's hairdresser to your ex-lover.

But the play itself, as if in compensation, is extremely neat and tidy. Like a bedroom farce except that the interlocking lovers tend to ring the phone instead of the doorbell, dropping into the bedroom for a chat as if they had a key; a form of hospitality which affronts the man, who likes to be monogamous in his adultery. And the dialogue is unnaturally formally tidy. A very tidy parcel indeed. And not everybody nor every playwright can tie a parcel properly.

"Evelyn" was originally a radio play and its radio bones show, though quite photographically as is the way with good bones.

The "Lovers" (Granada) a not dissimilar situation is in spirit a generation, a culture, a million light years away. I tell a lie. Precisely 200 miles away. The goings on in "Evelyn" would, it is evident, never go down in Rowntown.

QEH

Hugo Cole

Badura-Skoda

THE VIEW that Beethoven's music transcends the instruments for which it is written has often produced interpreters who were prepared almost to do violence to their instruments in order to express the ideas behind the music.

Schnabel and Adolf Busch come to mind, and the pianist Paul Badura-Skoda is perhaps another of this class—player of great seriousness, intellectual and technical power, who seems often to suppress both his own individuality and the piano's natural character in his anxiety to give us truthful Beethoven. I felt this most strongly in his Waldstein sonata at QEH on Thursday. Literally a faithful performance, almost without tempo fluctuations, meticulously clear both in overall conception and in detail, but almost impersonal. I have noticed before that if I read the last movement to myself in score, the many recurrences of the main theme actually become awareness of the fact that this happened again in this live performance where the theme never seemed to come over as a personal statement or showed itself liable to inflections at each new entry. Badura-Skoda's fortes were often too loud for QEH: after having heard restored equivalents of Beethoven's pianos at last year's historical concerts, one could also say fairly confidently that they were not historically justifiable. He used dynamics to underline structural points (for instance, in theondo of Op. 28, the introductory bass figure, is made every time to crescendo into the following theme) in a way that makes obvious what the listener could be well left to discover for himself.

Though in the opus 28 sonata Badura-Skoda showed that he could allow Beethoven to flow easily and gently, it was only when he reached the final sonata, Op. 111, that he showed his real powers as an interpreter. This performance was a model of clarity—perhaps too because it is so fully noted, he was able to allow himself to play freely and expressively without transcending the written instructions. The transitions in the variations were made with perfect judgment: technical difficulties and the extraordinary original piano figurations on the final pages all took their proper place, explained as architectural and expressively inevitable in the context. A noble and understated performance, in which both composer and interpreter appeared in their full stature.

COLISEUM

Philip Hope-Wallace

Force of Destiny

THE SADLER's Wells English "Force of Destiny" has plenty going for it: a brave and martial air with a touch of Goya which is just right. Scenes like the famous Rataplan with Katherine Pring as a most spirited vivandiere are very much the real right thing. But of course it is a most taxing opera, and Verdi, in "Trovatore" before and "Aida" later—the Master demanded that his singers should stretch themselves to the limits of their courage and compass. There were some splendid responses to the challenge. For instance, when Alberto Remedios phrased the exposed and difficult "Tu che in segno" (as it is in Italian) with firm, manly and musically style and was pretty good in the dust when memories of the great tenor one has ever known cannot be shut out of comparison. I admired this Don Alvaro and also the fine rolling bass of Clifford Grant as the Father Superior who brought enormous dignity and eloquence to the scene where the heroine is granted sanctuary. This Monastery scene is a long inspiration, one of Verdi's very finest things but requiring or at least presupposing dramatic and lyrical expanse plus a perfect legato which not every soprano can begin to achieve. Milla Andrew, not in her best voice, did not shirk the great opportunity but I was not exactly transported by music which should wonderfully lift the heart. The baritone brother Don Carlos was bravely sung by Terence Sharpe who did quite well in "Urna fatale" but suffered a "crack" and some ensuing loss of confidence in the stretta. However the best of the duetting between the rivals was very creditable. Colin Graham's production is vivacious when needed, grave when the music calls for stillness and

considering the plentiful opportunities the long opera provides for timid or downright absurd conventionalities, this is an account to give anyone a vivid idea of Verdi's often magnificent work. John Barker made his mark as Verdi conductor, holding a good level and balance, only needing a little more dash now and again.

FESTIVAL HALL

Meirion Bowen

Kyung-Wha Chung

THE YOUNG KOREAN violinist Kyung-Wha Chung has little difficulty in riveting the attention of a large audience to her playing, no matter if the music itself be second-rate stuff. In a Royal Philharmonic Orchestra concert at the Royal Festival Hall, she threw herself into the Max Bruch Violin Concerto with such force that it seemed to be less the Hollywood formula piece it can often seem. At any rate, such vitality helped compensate for the lack of a fully-argued first movement, the Prelude and Allegro moderato here finished almost before it's begun and for the slightly pathetic single-mood movements that follow.

Technically, she's far from flawless. Her intonation was always suspect: over-fast vibrato may account for her tendency to lean towards the sharp side. Occasionally, too, her delivery of fast scale-passages was wild, inaccurate. But she lived every note, wrong ones as well as right ones. Music of this sort dies when machine-like competence overtakes its interpreters. Kyung-Wha Chung attended to the orchestral part and her own with equal fervour. She was sensitively supported by the EPO, with the conductor, stuporific. In his favourite role of restraining the least important detail in the orchestral texture.

Some of these notices appeared in later editions yesterday.

HABIT FOR BUT NICE
The week on by Gillian Reynolds

NEXT WEEK
The week on by Gillian Reynolds

THE WEEK ON
The week on by Gillian Reynolds

THE WEEK ON
The week on by Gillian Reynolds

THE WEEK ON
The week on by Gillian Reynolds

A. L. ROWSE is a very plentiful historian. He is a poet. He is a biographer—of Shakespeare and Marlowe. He is a Cornishman. I think that any self-respecting liberal would find it essential to add that Dr Rowse is also an intolerant man, and this would be true. I never heard a man who could be intolerant on more subjects. It is an entertaining intolerance, and well reasoned.

He is now 67 and has been a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, since he was 21. It is pleasant to visit him there. He offers sherry and then lunch in the battery (designed as it happens by Hawksmoor), and All Souls is (made to the college recipe), then a walk through the college's beautiful and almost uninhabited library, and then talk in his rooms. The excuse for going to see him was that he has just published what is at least his ninth book on Tudor England. It is called "The Elizabethan Renaissance: The Life of the Society." He is an entertaining historian, and very scornful of those other historians who are not entertaining. He despises the sort of endless research for research's sake which used to be Germanic but is now mostly American, and he scorns the sort of unreadable history which is more footnote than text.

Since his new book, as I say, was the pretext for the visit, we chatted for a while about the technique of history, and I wondered how far it was possible for a modern man to understand the mind of a Tudor man, and he replied, in part, by asking how far it was possible for a man to be sure he knew anything. And so on. I asked if he had seen the BBC television play about Elizabeth I, and he had not, but he did say that a woman had asked him whether it was really true that Elizabeth had had certain plotters against her executed before they were hanged. He had been most awfully shocked by this question, and had replied that it was a libel on the queen, who really could have taken no interest in that sort of thing, or have been so inhuman.

And, away from this question, as for Elizabeth's never having married, one reason was that she meant to rule and in Tudor times a woman who married gave herself a master. "Nis avons change tout cela," said Dr Rowse, and this was the first taste of his French, into which he dropped quite frequently, and the first taste of his misogyny. A conversation with him does turn pretty soon into talk of misanthropy, misogyny, and contempt.

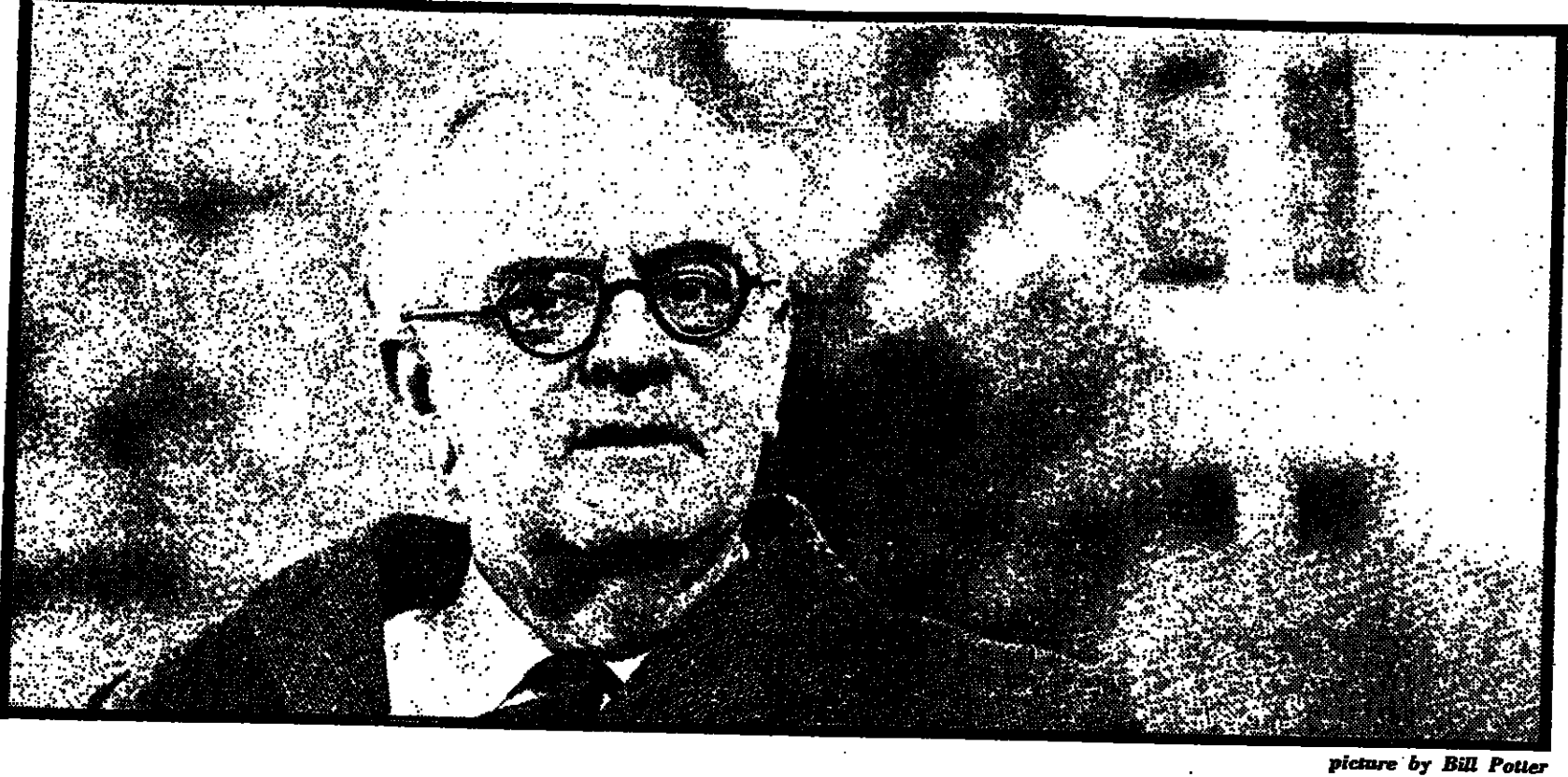
I asked if he hadn't said, when Elizabeth II came to the throne in 1952, that there could not conceivably be another Elizabethan age. He said he had. There could be nothing Elizabethan about an age dominated as this one was by contemptible populism. He quoted the late Dean Acheson as saying this age was the apotheosis of mediocrity. "I certainly agree with Acheson," he said. "Of course most first-rate people do."

Well, while we were on contempt, I thought there was nothing I would rather hear Dr Rowse condemn than the contempt of the 19th century. He said poetry and music welled up from the total man. The act of creation was instinctive. The act of criticism was rational, and a much inferior act. The Elizabethan age produced the plays of Shakespeare and countless other things, and only the little tracts of criticism. But what was the point of it? A lot of third-rate critics, any fool could criticise. The act of creation was so subtle that it was dangerous to be too self-conscious about it—forever plucking up the plant to see how the roots were getting on. He was interested in the first-rate, not the third-rate. He was not interested (and

Scourge of the idiot people



The Terry Coleman interview: A. L. Rowse, historian, misogynist, Cornishman



picture by Bill Potter

here we were back to populist cant again) in the attitude of mind of the common man: the common man had not got anything of interest going on in his mind.

Somehow or other I introduced cricket into the conversation. He said he did not play it. But still, he said, cricket was a beautiful and leisurely expression of a more beautiful time than ours. But had I seen American football played? He had, at the University of Illinois, with 100,000 people screaming and looking on, and in the middle of the field what appeared to be a mass of gladiators. Bread and circuses for the idiot people.

After he had repeated the phrase about idiot people two or three times more, I became curious and asked him to suppose himself a member of Parliament in 1887. Would he or would he not have supported Disraeli's Bill to enfranchise male householders in the towns? If those 1887 because 1832 is too distant, and because to have come to more recent times and asked Dr Rowse about enfranchising women would have provided a distraction from the proper issue.

He said he accepted the main fact of democracy, which was that the people should be able to change the government, and then generally avoided the issue, until I pressed a little disconcertingly. Then he said he would have been with Disraeli. I was wondering how on earth this could be consistent with contempt for the idiot people, but his next words showed me it was very

consistent indeed, and that his reasons were very much those of the Commons of 1887. Allowing the people to participate in government was, he said, an insurance against revolution.

In what was more or less an aside to the main argument he said he did not accept that everybody should go through the sausage machine of university. Rather than a second-rate undergraduate he would prefer a first-rate farmer or gardener, or a first-rate man who could handle a boat. This brought us to Ernest Bevin who, I suggested, would heartily have disapproved of Dr Rowse.

"No. He used to come and speak for me." Well, he would certainly have disapproved of All Souls?

"No reason why he should. He used to come and stay with me here."

Now Mr Bevin used to speak for Rowse when Rowse was a Parliamentary Labour candidate for a Cornish constituency. He fought two elections, in 1931 and 1935, and the second time came within 3,000 votes of winning. That, he says, would have been fatal. He means the strain would have killed him because he has suffered from rheumatism since he was 18. But how can he have stood for Labour when, by his own account, his contempt for the people had been well developed as early as 1924?

He said it was on the issue of appeasement, which he bitterly opposed. All right, but appeasement

as early as 1931? No, he said, the issue then had been economic policy. All right. But why, as a former Socialist, had he written so contemptuously about the Chartists? He said they were not significant, not his cup of tea, didn't interest him. "Remember I'm an aesthete. I'm interested in what is artistic. I like a man of genius; like Disraeli... I don't like a nice smart party operator in the beastly House of Commons, like a Baldwin."

I suppose my look must have said that was no answer at all, because Dr Rowse said, of himself, that he was not as bad as I might make out, that he was rather sweet underneath, and that he was used to second-rate brickbats being thrown at him.

I said I did not know what sort of brickbats I was throwing at him. He replied that he could assure me it was no way to make love to him to talk about the Chartists. They had no colour, no romance, no art, and no prose style.

Merry laughter had punctuated this exchange until that point, but prose-style took me by surprise. Besides, it wasn't even true. I said I had read one or two petitions of the time in the Public Record Office, and...

"No, no nonsense, nonsense, no: let's not go on with this rot."

So I asked about clichés, which Dr Rowse is supposed to collect, as Flaubert did. He picked up a large notebook, a sort of commonplace book containing bits collected over many years.

The passages he quoted were not clichés at all, but rather commendations, or just sayings. He praised Montaigne as the greatest living writer and then read out: "Comme il est difficile, les gens qu'ils sont idiots." He approved of that. How difficult it was to persuade people that was what they were. They just simply didn't know: of course, he said, if they weren't such idiots they could know.

And then he quoted: "Tout écrivain, observateur du cœur humain, et qui à le courage, toujours puni, de reproduire sans omission prudente ce qu'il voit, sert la vérité humaine."

"That's me," he said triumphantly. Then he read out a note asserting that not only the I.P. [Idiot People] talked nonsense, because a member of the royal entourage had once come up to him and said of course the Earl of Oxford had written Shakespeare.

He put the book away, and went on to talk about his poetry, saying he knew perfectly well that it was totally underestimated and disconsidered, but that this only showed what third-raters people were not to realise that there was something unique in a first-class historian who was at the same time an interesting poet.

I am afraid that these words of Dr Rowse, reported in cold print, may seem immodest. Of course they do lack an English modesty, but he is the first to say that he is not English but Cornish. It is also interesting, I think, that the only two other men I have

known who were so confident that they themselves were first-rate, and that critics were fools, were indeed so self-evidently first-rate that they really had not the slightest need to assert it.

Well, he said, his true self was in his poetry, and people didn't read that. He had been an outsider all his life, necessarily an observer. He was born the son of a clay worker: "born of a very poor kind of working class family, and an aesthete. Well now, you can imagine how dissatisfying that was."

He said his had been a feminine nature, rather like D. H. Lawrence's, and it had rendered him sensitive and full of exasperation and resentment.

Much of this is in his poems, and so is a revulsion from women. In one poem, in a garden in which the borders are lush and the birds lascivious, the snake is seen as the symbol of "rings and sleeked fidelity." Dr Rowse says it was a long time ago, but he thinks he was identifying with the integrity of the snake, that integrity always has meant a great deal to him, and that he has always had a fundamental honesty at whatever cost.

There is the poem in which the pure young man takes himself a wife, who, poor thing, is said to retain "her primal insatiety."

Dr Rowse says that marriage did, in fact end in tragedy. And there, I said, in the same poem, he was calling marriage a licence to fornicate. Wasn't that harsh? "Of course. Don't you think that Swift was harsh? Don't you suppose that Milton was incredibly embittered? It's a very sort of commonplace reaction to say that something in literature is harsh. Of course it ought to be. You see, my view about literature is that it really belongs to a world of absolute values where everything you see should be expressed. Not merely what is sentimental, but what is bitter; not merely love but also hate."

Dr Rowse said the real triumph of his life had been to survive. In spite of endless duodenal operations he had produced ten times more than other people who were tough and fit. And he had had to walk the razor edge of his temperament. "All that kind of misogyny, not only misogyny but misanthropy, and at the same time to retain a common sense attitude about practical life. I'm quite sure, and well off, and so forth." But, he said, his middle class opponents, who had all had it easier than him, snobbishly called him a success-merchant. That had not been his aim. He regarded that as beneath him.

Then what was his purpose?—"The objective is fulfilment, dear boy. The achievement of all that one has got in it oneself to achieve in one's work. In that respect I'm deeply sort of happy and deeply satisfied, making myself achieve what I've got it in me to achieve."

I said he had been reported a little while ago, at a lecture, as saying that civilisation was coming to an end, and had been correctly reported? He replied that he does regard society as in dissolution. There were hippies and yuppies. There was a slackening of standards. He was not surprised that some children of elementary schools could not read. Things were insecure. It was unbelievable that you could not leave your doors unlocked in Oxford these days. What a sort of civilisation. He really had a complete contempt for it, but it was what the IP wanted. Now the Warden of All Souls, John Sparrow, was a liberal (Dr Rowse is not), and feared that with things thus dissolving there would be a reaction from the Right which would rob the people of their freedom.

"I wouldn't mind if it did," said Dr Rowse, "because I'm not a liberal. This [freedom] is what these people are jeopardising by their ignorance and folly."

The importance of seeing Ernest

BY JOHN HALL



... he added to an already complicated inventory of blackmail, lust, counter lust, social climbing, and murder the fact that the protagonists happened to be beekeepers, and before you knew it, somebody's life was hanging by the thread of American Four Brood.

Earlier, when the library had repeatedly recalled its copy of "Poetics," Ernest had made his own typewritten copy for constant reference. There was in that lavatory-sized office a dedication to form and le mot juste which was uproariously tragic, considering that half the readership took the newspaper in order to see who had arranged after flowers the previous Sunday, and the other half to learn which pigeon was first back from the Boulogne south road race. However, Ernest was not a man to be brow-beaten by side issues like the readers' letters. He pressed on with his notions of news as the conflict of a descriptive story, and over the years was a strong influence in pointing some confused journalists in the right direction. He also turned out to be a better newspaper writer than he was a detective novelist, although through a large stretch of the conflict he is still reckoned the best local author after Byron and D. H. Lawrence. People who wouldn't know Alan Silkin from George Elliot will stop Ernest in the street and tell him they solved his last detective story—which is what he expects, because he writes them so you can guess the answers long before the "cliffs are out."

His golden days were the Thirties, when London and provincial newspapers would snatch at a conventionally well-made story, and about 150 "general" magazines could accommodate any line in short stories you could imagine. Ernest's bread and butter came from mags like "Tit Bits" monthly with crime and adventure stories. But his specialities were circus stories, civil flying stories (flying was still a ripping wheeze), and would you believe it, the enough in 1932 to quit the round of dale queues and house painting, and soon published his first full novel, "Death at the Salvation," under the nom de plume of Francis Vivian. He made £70, which was a fair killing,

pre-war. After half a dozen more efforts, he was taking £150 a time, and eventually, £300 to £400. For three or four years, according to the booksellers and librarians, Francis Vivian was neck and neck with Ngila Marsh in second place after Agatha Christie. Penny libraries were big business. Books were swapping thrillers faster than Bechams' workmen's wonders, and every station bookstall carried half a dozen crime labels.

Though they were successful by any reckoning, Ernest's detective yarns were never quite my cup of tea. Not to put too fine a point on things, they appeared somewhat heavy on plot. But what plots. He could write a straightforward tale of a killing for complex motives and call it a day. A and B would also be involved in archery, or black magic, or some subject which Ernest had researched to the nth degree, and you could be sure that the denouement would depend on some fine point of archery or black magic.

In "The Singing Mice," he added to an already complicated inventory of blackmail, lust, counter lust, social climbing and murder the fact that the protagonists happened to be beekeepers, and before you knew it, somebody's life was hanging by the thread of American Four Brood, a dead bee which clearly was an Italian Caucasian cross, and a misplaced WBC hive with a foundation frame susceptible to wax moth infestation. Cyanide was not omitted. However, Ernest took great pride in the fact that the reader could always arrive at a correct solution simply from the given data. His Inspector (Knollis of the Yard) never picked up an undiscovered clue which he was later revealed, held the solution to the mystery all along.

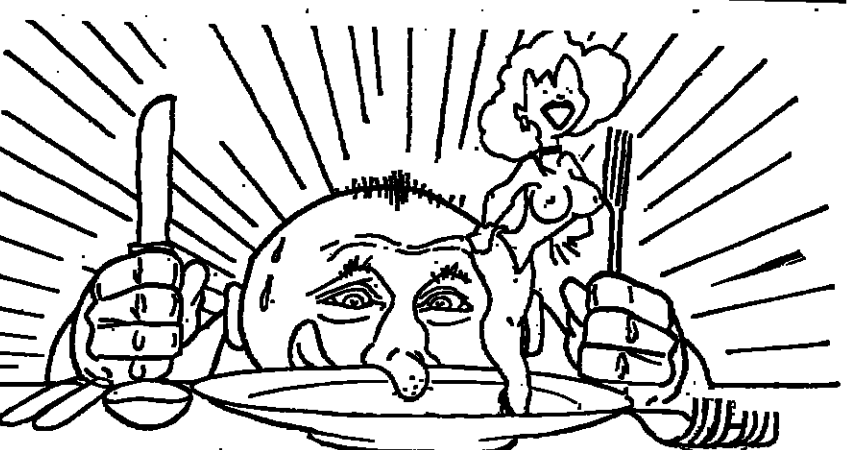
four years he analysed 6,000 short stories and published his findings as "Story Weaving"—a sort of everyman's guide to the basic permutations of human interaction, which somewhat missed the point in terms of your actual "Literature," but raised a regular stream of correspondence from precious innocents who imagined they could be taught to write through the post.

After the war, Ernest was finished as a full-time fiction writer. Outlets had dried up, and he had lost contacts while he was abroad. He was drafted on to a local weekly as a reporter, and turned out to be strong on "colour." He turned out the newspaper for that he almost cost the newspaper its profits by scribbling, with a ridicule bordering contempt, the idiosyncrasy of a green-wood peasant, as it happened, and not as it was billed.

Ernest was also psychic, and liable to send telepathic messages to people—including the editor. He was involved with various groups who seemed to argue interminably and crankily about the relation of characters and plot in the story, or about the power of the mind over external events. There was a group which used to will things to happen—like one of their members getting a three-piece suite—but the only mind power Ernest could demonstrate convincingly, and at will, was his power to dissolve clouds in the sky (except that he once willed me to have a tooth removed without anaesthetic, and I did, but after six Guinnesses).

On a summer's day he would take the staff outside and suggest, like a card sharp, that we pick a cloud. Any cloud. We would select one which could be readily identified by shape and position, and Ernest would stare at it hard for a couple of minutes. This one cloud always dissolved, while the others remained. There was no illusion, and he did the trick repeatedly, explaining that the electric energy of his thoughts reversed the polarity of the cloud, and thus disturbed its stability. Whereupon we would all return to the reporters' room and settle down for a couple of hours on a shove-a-penny table seven feet long. We had so much practice we could play to half an inch at that range.

We could also write obituary notices which made no mention of death until the very last line, if at all. One account of a church lady's life, times, hobbies and husbands ended with the words: "She was cremated on Thursday week. She died." That was the "Free Press" school par excellence—describing the facts as they appeared to the unblinkered eye in full technicolour, with a minimal addendum suggesting that a tip of this iceberg constituted news. And it is in the best tradition of that school that I have run on about Ernest Ashley without mentioning that he has just retired, and that the first volume of his autobiography, "Eolippus Rides Out," is due to be published next year. A third book on writing theory is also threatened, along with at least two more detective stories—one involving black magic, the other (just to stretch the mind) dealing with murder against a background of industrial take-overs as seen from the standpoint of a Taoist philosopher. (The earlier books are published by Hubert Jenkins, Hutchinson, and Hodder and Stoughton.)



TARTS OF THE HOUSE

Richard Boston on culinary howlers

ONE OF THE delights of Italy is the general talent for surrealist use of English that you find there. "This card" announced the *carte de controle* on the train from Paris to London. "It is intended to facilitate control and to avoid wasting your time." I know exactly what a waste of time it is: it's shaped like an hour glass. (Incidentally Shakespeare made the same play on words in his best sonnet.)

By the bedside in my room was a small box, on the side of which were written the words *Message Boy*. You put two one-hundred lire pieces into the box, and by remote control *Message Boy* somehow caused the bed to shake slightly for quarter of an hour. I lay there trembling (or, more accurately, being trembled) and thought of the linguistic treats in store. Years ago I taught English in a language school in Sicily. A raven-tressed heartthrob in one of my classes once announced that she was as bored as a stiff.

By the time *Message Boy* had shuddered to a halt I was feeling quite relaxed. I was also quite hungry, so I left the hotel and set out in search of a restaurant. There was a likely-looking place near the Opera, where I sat down at a table in eager anticipation of good food and a chance to demonstrate my fluent command of the Italian language to the waiter. When he arrived he was a distinguished-looking man whose gray hair and mature good looks had apparently been borrowed for the evening from Vittorio de Sica, while his immaculate white jacket could only be destined for some needy ambassador when the waiter was through with it. "You speak English," he stated. "A lieble," I replied.

He handed me a menu in English. It was a masterpiece. "The foods with sign (X) are not ready," it owned up frankly at the bottom. I therefore concentrated on items without sign (X). I toyed with the idea of ordering what the menu called *Fried Prawns*, but decided in the end to have the *Rossini*. And what, asked the waiter, would I like to follow? The menu offered many tempting dishes. There

was Roast Lamb, Mush Room omelette, Grains Backed in butter, and that very rare dish and gourmet's delight Schambeck eggs with Potatoes, and settled this exotic fare, however, and settled for a simple Grill sir loin steak, to accompany which I greedily ordered both Green beans and Green salad. The food, when it came, which was quickly, was excellent. Much of the pleasure of the meal, however, came from the knowledge that Italian menu writers have lost none of their inventiveness in the five years or so since I dined in Florence restaurant which fed its customers such delights as Frightened eggs, Larks in the spit and Tarts of the house at pleasure.

The Italians do not have a monopoly, however, and from a recent issue of the "International Herald Tribune" I learned that other nations are catching up fast. The "Ta Pikitia" restaurant at Daxia Corfu, it seems, offers under the heading "Drings" such beverages as "Nes Caffe," "Sodes" and "Breakfast." More solid fare includes Cornet in slices, Ramblers, Tomatoes-stuffed, and Souvlaka ("chopped sirloin roasted on spit").

Meanwhile a restaurant in Beirut is advertising its Pioneer Cream Sandwich "for in between snakes," and in France a restaurant in Paris, according to the "Herald Tribune," assured its fussy clientele that its *Meiha Cup* is made only with "current jelly." It also holds out the enticing prospect of "russian plate—includes lump spawn, and 'salade Nicoise—lettuce, tunny, anchovy egg, olive, Jamaica pepper and rawness." And from Paris Ronald Searle reports the menu of the *Jardin du Minar* which offers in French "Seiche (Calm) Sauté du Chef" or as we say in English (don't we?) "Stewed Calamary of Our Cook." Indeed the collectors of such dishes may not even have to cross the Channel. I once ate at a restaurant in the Caledonian Road which offered Dreaded Veal Outlet. I was a coward and asked for something else. I have never particularly regretted the decision, but I have never ceased to wish that I had accepted the Rabelaisian delights of larks in the spit with tarts of the house at pleasure.

The next round on Europe

After the Europhoria the Europhobia. Or perhaps that is to dignify with too much policy content the atmosphere building up in parts of the Labour Party. Mr Wedgwood Benn's extraordinary statement in his new position as party chairman calls for an inquest on Thursday's vote to be conducted by local Labour Party and trade union branches throughout the country. In practice this would mean a witch-hunt, with Labour members who were audacious enough to vote according to their long-held principles subjected to the kind of treatment that used to be the prerogative of the more reactionary local Conservatives—"the skinheads of Sorbiton," in Mr Wilson's memorable phrase.

Mr Wilson, who will speak on Europe at Huddersfield today, ought to dampen down this fire, for in the end it will endanger Labour's future and perhaps his own as well. If Mr Benn is elected deputy leader in place of Mr Jenkins it will be on a platform of anti-Europeanism, whatever efforts are made to disguise it. For Mr Benn, in all his talk of the "major national crisis" precipitated by Thursday's vote and the need to rebuild democracy in Britain and within the Labour Party, failed to answer one question: why at the general election 16 months ago did Mr Benn and other Labour Ministers not make it clear that they were against entering Europe on any terms that were likely to be offered? That would have given the British people an opportunity to make the choice that Mr Benn has been campaigning for since he lost office.

Mr Benn's election would have two effects. It would sicken those who admire Mr Jenkins and his supporters as men of principle; and it would give Labour Savonarolas a taste of blood. As the enabling legislation comes before the House the test of orthodoxy in the Labour Party is all too likely to be the zeal of members in guerrilla warfare. But is that what Mr Wilson wants? His speech on Thursday showed some determination to retain his ability to manoeuvre, both during this Parliament and if a Labour Government is returned in two or three years' time. But if Mr Benn won the deputy leadership

and Mr Wilson continued to keep his future options open and concentrate on preserving Labour unity, how long would it be before there was another challenge? "Who else must be let blood, who else is rank?" The answer, surely, would be Mr Wilson himself, with the challenge coming from either Mr Benn or Mr Callaghan. The health of the alternative government is important. So is the passage of the Common Market legislation. Parliament having willed the end must will the means. At first sight the Government's task is daunting. A group of Tory anti-Marketters have proclaimed their determination to block entry, even if it means bringing the Government down. There are said to be about twenty of this mind. Among the one-third of Labour MPs who voted "Yes" or abstained, on the other hand, the received wisdom is that they have now done their bit for Europe and the rest is up to the Government.

There is some inconsistency here. Mr Jenkins himself, speaking of Thursday's vote, challenged the assumption that 59 Tory anti-Marketters were men of steel and principle, while he and his friends were men of straw whose convictions could be turned on and off like a tap. Some of those who went into the lobby after him, fortified by the knowledge that they are either leaving Parliament at the next election or that they have no hope of preferment if Labour returns to power, may decide to keep the tap turned on whenever Sir Gerald Nabarro's obduracy on the other side requires it. Probably the Government will get its legislation through, particularly if public opinion turns in favour now that the decision in principle has been made.

The probability remains that the next general election is at least two years away and that by then Britain will be in Europe. By then the Communities, Britain, and the world will have moved on. Certainly Mr Heath, Mr Wilson, or any other Prime Minister will have to renegotiate some parts of Britain's relations with its new partners, then and throughout that relationship. What is important is that neither party should allow itself to be tied down to stultifying policies that have no relevance to a developing Europe.

On the fringes of world power

Mr Kosygin has had a rousing reception in Cuba this week unlike his last visit four years ago. On that occasion the Soviet Prime Minister was given a frosty time. He had come straight from a summit meeting with the American President to an island which was putting all its international energies into Che Guevara's guerrilla campaign in Bolivia. Much has now changed. Internally, the Cuban economy has stumbled again on the consequences of a second attempt to blast its way out of dependence on sugar as a single basic export crop. In the first post-revolution years the idea was to phase sugar out and industrialise almost overnight. In 1970 the idea was reversed. Achieve a massive crop and use the export proceeds for re-investment. Both attempts proved too ambitious, and Mr Kosygin has probably been spending his visit advising the Cubans to go forward less flamboyantly and with better planning.

Externally the Latin American picture has changed too. Since 1967 the options for radical nationalism have widened considerably. In Chile parliamentary Marxism, in Peru an army-led reform movement, even in Argentina a more right-wing military Government dedicated to fast growth—all these have found a common chord. Latin America's resources must be kept in Latin American hands, and Latin American exports must no longer be undercut by constantly changing terms of trade abroad. It is a broad and simple theme. But it does contain enough of a threat to United States interests for Cuba and Moscow to welcome it as a more credible develop-

ment to support for the time being than rural guerrilla movements.

Mr Kosygin was looking for support on the same broad level during the more important of his two visits, the stay in Canada. Although there is no question of Canada's shifting her basic alliance, the Soviet Prime Minister was able to play on Canadian annoyance at President Nixon's 10 per cent import surcharge. He also stressed a common Soviet-Canadian interest in developing the Arctic regions at a pace that does not harm their ecological balance. The thought again implied that the United States is less concerned about long-term environmental effects.

It would be going too far to suggest that Mr Kosygin did more than make a few pinpricks in Washington's side. But his tour like that of Mr Brezhnev to France has emphasised how far we have entered into a new triangular phase of world diplomacy. The old spheres of influence are no longer quite as taboo as they were. The grey areas on the fringes of the main power centres are courted and wooed as they have not been for years. Mr Nixon went to Rumania. Mr Kosygin goes to Ottawa. China plays host to Yugoslavia. Algeria receives top American, Russian, and Chinese visitors within the space of a few months. Sudan executes pro-Soviet Communists and is wooed by China and the West. Japan is tempted by the voice of Moscow. Beneath the shadow of the Washington-Peking-Moscow triangle the world is suddenly in the midst of a new probing of traditional loyalties and a search for a new balance of interests.

Betrothal the British way

An investigation of the conjugal habits of the British has revealed the curious fact that 560,000 women in this country believe themselves to be engaged, while only 470,000 men are under a similar impression. This, says the report, could be due to wishful thinking on the part of the girls. Well, yes, it could. It could also be due to a number of other things. The computer could have developed a stutter or got rather drunk that day. Or it could be that 90,000 of our womenfolk are so fearfully un-British as to become betrothed to a lot of foreigners.

Furthermore, we should not ignore the existence of amiable Billy Liar characters who find themselves proposing marriage to any girl they happen to meet on the bus. Girls do tend to react rather seriously to proposals of marriage, even the most improbable ones. They react rather seriously to other, allied, proposals, too, although

the report offers no comment on that subject. What it does say, however, is that if a man and a woman have been going steady for a lengthy period she becomes inclined to nudge him, sharply, saying: "Well, what are we going to do about it?" The resulting evasive, ambiguous, mumbled reply might easily account for many of the deluded 90,000.

Then, too, some apparent engagements may be the result either of feminine wiles ("No, darling, it wouldn't be right. Not until we're married or at least engaged") or ruthless male expediency ("Of course I'll marry you, I swear I will"). The plays are familiar and time-dishonoured and the result, in both cases, is much the same: two girls blissfully thinking themselves engaged and two young men thinking "She'll be lucky" and blessing the happy fact that a promise to marry is no longer binding in law. Of course, it could be that the whole report is just a lot of nonsense. Statistics are notorious liars. On the other hand, though, so are men.

A COUNTRY DIARY

MACHYNLLETH: On October 12 with two companions, I went to Bardsey Island. Now there are two dangers in going to seek migrant birds on the islands difficult to land on. One is that you can easily get storm bound. The other is that adverse winds may keep most migrants away. We found ourselves overtaken by both these misfortunes. It is true we began with kind easterly winds and found the island bushes alive with goldcrests and redwings. There were also blackcaps, a spotted fly-catcher and a firecrest. So things looked fairly promising. But then round went the wind to south-west and stayed there, huffing and puffing more strongly every day. As gales brought white seas roaring through the sound between the island and the mainland, the migration of land birds dried up. Nothing to do but watch sea birds of which mercifully there were plenty. Day after day we watched auks, kittiwakes and gannets passing close to the north-west corner of the island, all going the same southward way, flying easily against the great winds. With them occasionally were skuas and shearwaters of various kinds. And I suppose if you are gale-bound on any western island long enough, you eventually get a bird arriving from America. Ours was a grey-cheeked thrush. Eventually the storm abated, but not before we had seen a great kill of redwings at that dreadful lighthouse. Next day in calmer weather a multitude of finches passed south at sunrise.

WILLIAM CONDRY

AS the special conference of the 420,000-member Electrical and Plumbing Union goes into secret session in Blackpool next week the struggle for the soul of Britain's fifth biggest union will get under way in earnest.

On the Left are the Communists—still barred by rule from union office—and assorted other Marxist groupings as well as left-wing Labour Party members who don't like the way the union has been run for the past decade. On the Right stands the remnants of the anti-Communist alliance which broke the CP hold on the union after the 1961 "ballot rigging" case.

A few years ago the idea of a left-wing revival in the EPTU was laughable. Within the union memories of the 1950s were still too strong. Then, for the best part of a decade, attempts to prove that individual Communists had rigged ballots and conspired with Communists outside the EPTU too, reduced the union to embittered chaos.

The culmination came in the 1961 High Court case which produced in shattering detail evidence of misbehaviour on the Left. The reaction took the form of an end to elective office holding in the union—all but the top men are appointed by the elected executive council—the abolition of rank and file appeals machinery and the anti-Communist rule. The union itself was run by two men, the president, Les Cannon, and the general secretary, Frank Chapple.

Cannon and Chapple worked closely as a team. Cannon concentrated on negotiation and on public appearances. Chapple took on the job of knocking the union back into shape. As a result it was easy—too easy—for the cynics to label Cannon as the brains of the outfit and Chapple the hatchetman.

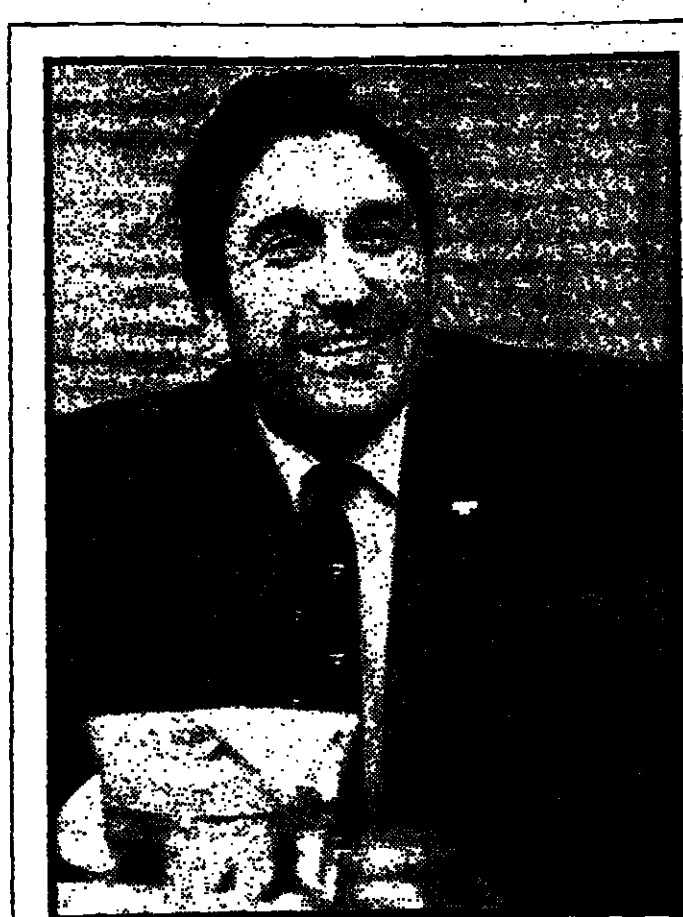
For other union leaders had never come across anybody quite like Cannon—that arrogant, ruthless, yet oddly attractive, intellectual, who used his position of power to lecture them on his theories of trade unionism in a mixed economy. It was a virtuoso performance ended only by his premature death from cancer last year. That in turn was the end of the two-man band who had seemed set fair to run their show for the next 15 years.

Grass roots

Now Chapple is on his own and facing a sustained barrage of abuse from the Communists and their friends. They want conference to order a return to elections for officers, to grass roots appeals machinery and an end to the anti-Communist rule. Eventually they want a change in policies which will swing the union back to its pre-1960s role as the leading union of the Left. Hence the barrage of abuse to which Chapple has been subjected in the "Morning Star" and elsewhere.

Already the Communists have scored one paradoxical success, Chapple had persuaded his executive to recommend that conference drop the ban on Communists. In public relations terms it would be a demonstration of the democratic ideals of the present leadership. In practice, Chapple argued, it could do little harm. The Communists alone were no longer powerful enough to be a danger.

On Monday the "Morning Star" carried a major, anonymous article on the demands and tactics of the Left at the conference. Although it said



FRANK CHAPPLE
—working man's hero

JOHN TORODE on the man
at the centre of the
struggle for the EPTU,
Britain's fifth biggest union

nothing very new, Chapple and the executive over-reacted furiously and decided not to drop the ban. The publicity round the whole, unhappy somersault has inflamed a touchy situation and made it easier for the Left to present Chapple as nothing more than a tyrant—and an insecure, inconsistent tyrant to boot.

Chapple's very appearance helps his enemies. A short, stocky 50-year-old with a mass of thick, jet black hair and much given to heavy sunglasses at party conferences—like Wilson and Gaiskell before him he finds the television lights a constant strain—Chapple looks like something out of an American gangster movie as he moves through the crowded hall surrounded by aides.

His manner doesn't help either. He is a tough cockney from Shoreditch, an apprentice electrician in the Vauxhall Bridge Road at 16, a shop steward at 18 and an active Communist from the war until the late 1950s. He admits the part he played in the Communist domination of the union. Once he made his break he took part in the even more ruthless struggle to break that domination. And since he took office he has been with every justification—the union's Witch-finder General.

As a result he is constantly heckled, subjected to printed abuse and has been physically attacked several times. It has been a far, far harder school than most British union leaders go through and it has left its mark. Chapple is undoubtedly emotional and quick-tempered. He is liable to respond to criticism with an uncontrolled flood of ripe cockney abuse. He is a deliberate rough diamond in an

were already running high at the end of 1969 because Cannon had insisted on negotiating genuine productivity deals under which every penny above the "norm" was meant to come from the increased efficiency of his members. The power workers noticed more cynical union bosses signing "productivity" deals designed solely to get round incomes policy restraints.

In that atmosphere Cannon signed a 20 per cent pay deal in December. A month later, at the start of 1970, Harold Lever then the Minister in charge of power industries, called Cannon and told him that, in the face of threats of wildcat strikes by left-wing gas workers, the Government was going to give them 14 per cent. Cannon was furious. He felt his responsible unionism had been sold down the river by the Cabinet. But his signature was on the electricity deal and that was good enough for him.

Chapple clashed fiercely with Cannon on this. He argued, in simple working-class terms, 1) that the union had been "conned" and 2) that the members wouldn't stand it anyway. Deal or no deal, Chapple was all for asking for more. The two approaches illustrate clearly the difference between working-class and middle-class "morality".

Militant tactics

After Cannon's death, Chapple took direct charge of the power negotiations last autumn. Before they were over the nation had suffered a week of "work to rule" blackouts and heard threats from Chapple to end productivity deals altogether unless the price was improved. These were militant tactics which Cannon would have found much less acceptable.

At a theoretical level Chapple's major contribution has been to stand on its head the fashionable line, espoused by Jack Jones and Hugh Scanlon, that workers should ratify their own pay deals at mass meetings or by gatherings of stewards. Chapple regards this as an abdication of leadership by union officials. They are elected (as he was) or appointed (like his regional officials) for their realism, their bargaining skill and their ability to lead. They are paid by their members to make agreements and to see that those agreements are not sabotaged by dissident minorities.

On the other hand, says Chapple, union bosses are not put in office to take political decisions. Thus the EPTU—unlike the TGWU or the AUEW—balloted its members on the Common Market. The Electricians voted against Europe at the party conference because that was what the membership had decided. In much the same way Chapple has threatened to ask his members whether they want the union to register under the new Industrial Relations Act or whether they will accept the TUC boycott policy.

Chapple, with his instinct for the man in the street, seems convinced they would demand registration and to hell with the general council. If that happens Chapple's dedication to grass roots democracy could yet bring the EPTU to the edge of expulsion from the TUC. The Electricians remain a maverick union and Chapple a maverick boss. For all next week's fireworks it would be wrong to regard him merely as a right-wing muscle man.

CHINA: the state of the game

TO THE EDITOR

Sir,—There has been much emotive language over the change of Chinese representation at the UN—and some totally incorrect references to the expulsion of a member State, sometimes linked to a fear that this may create a precedent. It is worth setting the issues straight:

The question before the UN, ever since the Communist victory on the mainland of China, has been that of who should lawfully represent China (not Taiwan, not Mainland China, but the single nation of China, a member State from the start) throughout the UN family. So it has never been a question of admitting a new member State and expelling an existing one, but rather a question of choice between two conflicting claims (Taiwan v. Peking) to represent the one nation of China which was already a UN member State. It is worth adding that this was the only issue upon which the two rival Governments—the "Republic of China" (on Taiwan), and the "People's Republic of China" (in Peking)—who both claim to govern the single nation of China, were agreed!

That question has now been settled—after 20 odd years of misrepresentation, procedural sleight-of-hand, and much behind-the-scenes pressure to maintain the Taiwan position, especially by the USA—in favour of the People's Republic. The presence of a Peking delegation at the UN may cause some problems in the Security Council and other organs of the UN, particularly for the West. But for those (like myself) who are intensely curious about this unknown giant, and who feel that the UN can only begin to be an effective "instrument for peace" on the basis of a universal membership, this is a welcome step in the right direction.

And it certainly makes the UN a more realistic mirror of the modern world to have a quarter of mankind represented at the UN by their effective Government, whatever we may think of its ideology.

However two questions, raised by this decision, remain unsettled—the future of Taiwan, and the UN's financial dilemma. The future of Taiwan is a question that the People's Republic will live with a little longer, I feel, perhaps until it resolves itself on the death of Chiang Kai-shek, or as the result of a freely-made choice by the people of Taiwan either to renew links with the People's Republic or to become a separate State.

But the question of the UN's financial security is more immediate. Although American threats to reduce their contribution to the UN budget (and similar action against the UN by the UN's financial agencies) are deplorable, particularly since they so largely stem from this defeat for US diplomacy, in the long run a smaller American contribution may not be undesirable. For it is hardly healthy for the UN to be so heavily dependent financially on one member State (33 per cent of the UN budget, and 40 per cent of the Specialised Agencies budget).

If these threats have the effect of increasing support for those who urge that the UN should also have some independent source of income, possibly by being given control of the seabed in international waters with all the mineral resources that lie beneath it, they may turn out to have been a veritable blessing in disguise. Dare we hope for any initiatives on this question from the British Government (so clear in its call for Peking to take its seat at the UN), especially when individual

Britons have been prominent in the advocacy of the idea, in support of the Maltese delegation to the UN?

In the meantime, it is for member States of the UN including ourselves, to consider not only whether the UN is useful or otherwise oversteering its budget, but also (more important) in my view whether that budget (and their contribution to it) is large enough to pay for the multitude of jobs required of the UN by those member States—Yours sincerely,

Jon Alexander,
Vice-Chairman,
United Nations Association
(Cambridge Branch),
Cambridgeshire House,
811s Road,
Cambridge.

A sour note

Sir,—School milk has little to do with buying new schools (will the milk be restored when they are built?) and in all the arguments about it the emotional aspect arising from the human feelings involved, has been characteristically missed.

In the usual way that institutions begun for one purpose begin to fulfil another, milk has become almost the only way in which a modern community does something nice for its children.

No matter what Mrs Thatcher does in the time left to her as Minister of Education, she will always be remembered as the woman who robbed a million little children of their mid-morning milk.

It would be most fitting for the whole business to be commemorated in a nursery rhyme, if we haven't forgotten now—

Charles Gould
Ipswich, Suffolk.

Keeping the wife happy

Sir,—Over the past few days Peter Jenkins has used virtually every form of persuasion in pleading to show why Labour MPs should ignore their constituency parties and vote with the Tories on the EEC.

Most of it emphasises his lack of knowledge of how relations ships in the party operate. The oldest and best advice given to any new MP is to treat his constituency party as though it was his wife.

Sure there will be rows from time to time. Often on major issues, but that does not mean to say there will be a divorce. On the other hand, so man can expect to keep on putting his mistress in the family way all his time and get away with it. Neither can he fancy other women.

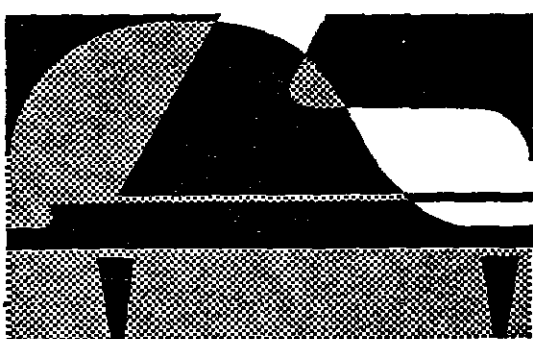
Over the past few years constituency parties have had to bear prescription charges. Vietnam. In Place of Strife. Prices and Incomes. Deflation, and whole lot of other unwelcome brats. Now they are demanding Continuity Aid. Who can blame them?—Yours faithfully,

Joe Ashton, MP.
House of Commons.

Hormone control

Sir,—It is an injustice if Pauline Jones has been imprisoned for three years for kidnapping Dennis Weller. It is medically recognised that post-natal depression at either birth or natural abortion can produce the most devastating emotional results. I am not actively womanly, but this sort of my ignorance is unbearable. To judge who sentenced her short-try the hormonal changes produced by child conception. See how he feels—Yours fully,

Margaret O'Connor
30 Hazewyne St.,
London SW9.



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FRANCIS BOYD on the post vote debate

A whip hand to Heath

THE next stage in Parliament's treatment of Britain's entry into the EEC will depend very much on the degree of bitterness with which Labour's anti-Market and pro-Market members behave towards each other. If, for example, any pro-Market Labour MP is told by his constituency party that he will not be chosen as a candidate at the next election, because he has flouted the majority decisions of the National Labour Party and of the Parliamentary Labour Party, he might regard himself as free to go on voting in favour of EEC legislation. If this were to happen on any large scale, the Government could handle its legislation in the Commons in relative comfort.

The results of the EEC votes in both Houses of Parliament on Thursday have certainly strengthened the Government's position. The staggering majority—413—given by the Lords in favour of entry is a powerful weapon in the hands of ministers. But even the majority on Thursday in the House of Commons—112—and its composition also gives Ministers ground for hope that they could secure majorities on any subsequent bills—three months in which Labour may claw itself nearly to death for 13 months of weakness, as it did between 1951 and 1964.

stage of the main EEC Bill from the floor of the House to a small committee upstairs. If this were to be opposed by all the Labour MPs, the 39 Conservatives who voted against entry on Thursday, the six Liberals and the six Independents, the Government could not carry the proposal. But the Government would have a very clear idea in advance of the weight of any such opposition.

Two factors in assessing future events are at present unknown: the willingness of Labour's pro-Market members to start voting against the EEC legislation; and the willingness of the 39 Conservatives who voted against entry on Thursday to drop their criticism.

Some of the Conservative opponents of entry will certainly continue their opposition throughout. Others may abstain. The possibility of a Government defeat might have a sobering effect on Conservative members, but if Mr Heath were to ask for a general election and if by then Labour were split into two warring camps, the Government would have a very strong case for claiming that it was the only party capable of leading the country out of the wilderness.

The Government's tentative timetable for EEC legislation allows an interval, starting now, of at least three months before Parliament will see any bill—three months in which Labour may claw itself nearly to death for 13 months of weakness, as it did between 1951 and 1964.

The vote in the Commons on Thursday produced 69 Labour votes for entry, 20 abstentions by pro-Market MPs who did not wish to vote against the Government's decision. The Labour Party's support entry, and some of those who voted against are only recent converts to the "anti" Labour MPs will have the chance from Thursday of next week to show how they regard this division of opinion within the party when they are asked to vote for a deputy leader, a chairman, and a chief whip.

This weekend the mood is one of intense bitterness. When MPs get to their constituencies they may find the same mood. How long will it last? The immediate hatred, following Thursday's vote, of the Left for the Right, suggests that the EEC vote is only the occasion for a new outbreak of the distrust which ruled the party when the Gaitskillites and Bevanites were at each other's throats. "Elitism" and "intellectual arrogance" are among the words chosen by the anti-Market members to abuse the qualities of the leading pro-Market members—Mr Roy Jenkins, Mr Bill Rodgers, and Mr Dick Taverne among them.

One has only to study the names of all the Labour MPs who voted for entry on Thursday to see that no such general charge could possibly

be made against them all. Nye Bevan, who was so often a rebel when the moderate element prevailed in Labour Party management, used to justify the fierce quarrels within the party on the ground that they showed Labour to be a living and creative force. The Bevanites enjoyed their battles at the time, and now they prevail in Labour Party management and seem to expect a revival of the "CDS" — the Campaign for Democratic Socialism — which was launched to support the Gaitskill line.

There is now, as there always has been in the Labour Party, a "Keep Same" group begging the party not to split itself. Europe apart, Labour began to feel recently that it had the Conservatives on the run — on unemployment, school milk, tax reliefs for the wealthier, and so on.

I fear that Mr Crossman, in his rogue elephant mood as editor of the "New Statesman," and Mr Michael Foot, with his pulp passion for the branding iron and his influence over "Tribune," will see by week last Labour's Europeans into a frenzy and help perpetuate discord which makes so much better copy than agreement. In that case the Government may count on a disunited Labour front, and Mr Heath's EEC legislation will be home and dry.



PETER HARVEY on police success in the recent art thefts

PETER HARVEY on police success in the recent art thefts

Catching the artful dodgers

SHORTLY before 10 a.m. Monday to Friday, a small ceremony takes place within the Ministry of Education in Rome. Two detectives enter a tiny office on the third floor, salute a bespectacled official and hand over a bulky brown envelope. Inside is a list of the art treasures stolen during the past 24 hours.

Elsewhere in Europe — inside CID headquarters and Government offices — other detectives are handing similar lists to other officials. "We supply the list every day," an officer of the Belgian Bureau Secret de Recherches said yesterday. "And so do our colleagues in London, Paris, Amsterdam, and Vienna. Not so formal as in Rome, but the message is the same." And the message is that the theft of works of art is booming.

Yesterday's meeting in the Education Ministry in Rome

was undoubtedly a little happier than usual: the detectives were able to report that four paintings that disappeared from a church at St. Dominic, Taverma, Calabria, two years ago had been found in London. The Scotland Yard three-man Art Theft Squad investigation ended late on Thursday night, when the paintings were discovered jammed into rolls of carpet in a left-luggage locker at Euston. Ten paintings, worth £4 millions, were stolen from Catanzaro. The remaining two — one is thought to be by Titian — are believed to be still in Britain.

There are at least 13,000 objects of art on the Interpol wanted lists at the moment: in the past nine months, the Italians alone have lost 3,800 treasures.

Britain has its share of the problem, although the Yard is thankful that it has not reached anything approach-

the Italian crisis. Earlier this year, £80,000 worth of jewels and paintings were stolen from a private home in Mayfair; one of the Queen's Collection was lifted from Hampton Court; silver chandeliers worth about £20 a pair, vanished from a house near Bath — and, later in the year, the Queen suffered again.

A moment an art theft is discovered, the Interpol special bulletins (largely similar to the old "Most Wanted" posters) are stamped out to all police departments, all known dealers and collectors, all free companies, all Customs offices. The Italians, with their thousands of unguarded churches and hundreds of private collections, are being hit hardest and are taking the sternest remedial measures practicable. September 11, the day of a Titian Madonna and two altar panels by

Giovanni Bellini vanished from three churches, the Government mobilised 3,000 Carabinieri reserves.

But the big emphasis, naturally enough, is on the hunt for the middlemen. "We believe the paintings stay in the hands of the thieves for only a very short time," the Belgian BSR says. "Then a very efficient marketing organisation — we think there are three main rings — takes over and within a few days the paintings are a long way from the country of origin. The police believe the majority of the stolen European objects end up to collectors in Germany, the United States, and Japan. The motives of the buyers are mixed. Very few, apparently, are art collectors. Many are businessmen and speculators. There are people who do this, but most buy the works of art as a safeguard against inflation," the Italians believe.



CRUITS may have head start and the Moto Show may have the girls, at the Aquarium Show is fighting back. This year, for the first time, they are taking a Supreme Champion's fish of fish from among 30 specimens in Britain's floor tanks and fish ponds.

Nor is a comparison with Crufts irrelevant. At the Aquarium Show, too, there is that David Goliath line-up of the 2 ft long snake-head from Withamstow (it eats four goldfish a day and just won't touch the other five food) versus a minuscule mosquito which reaches its prime at 1 1/4 inches.

The supreme champion display stand reflects the skill of its contributors. It also carries 12 posters on one tank: "Please keep away from the glass and get upset and amiable if come out and bite."

The show, which opened yesterday for a 3-day period (Friday to Sunday) is sponsored by "Petfish Monthly" (circulation 12,000) and organised jointly with the Federation of British Aquatic Societies which represents just over 100 of the 500 fish-keepers societies (there is another organisation in the north).

How then do the lizards, the salamanders, the African pythons, not to mention the eels get there? In London, the amphibious talents of some of them and some guesses that they're all nice and quiet, it seems that similar growing requirements — warmth, the glass tanks, the food — have led to an overlapping interest

Fish dish
MICHAEL WHITE
in an aquarists
paradise

Guppies at the show and a copy of "All about Guppies" at one of the trade stands — or buy "Modes of Reproduction in Fish" or "The Encyclopedia of Sea Fishes," or a cute long body slime and some colour gravel for the tank. Figures are hard to come by but more and more people, one is told, are joining in. Take Alan Bethell and his family from Sevenoaks. Kent. They started a year ago now have four tanks, about 30 fish and are rather pleased with themselves for just having bred 25 plaits and "three dwarf gourami." "The children wanted pets that were going to cause problems, guinea pigs and mice which we were going to have to look after," said Mr Bethell. "We thought about a fish from the point of view of being easy and purely of decoration. Suddenly it got of decoration. Suddenly it got of life. There it was, life all around you. Now we turn off the TV and watch the fish — all in colour, too."

The Aquarium Show's press handout talked about pet fish as a means of "enriching life's quality" when means of keeping snakes in the parlour just for fun these days. Manchester dealer Ken Boot has contacts all over the world (African Python comes at 3 dollars a foot) and business is good.

If some of the fish look as dangerous as the press handout isn't it a little bit like the British Killifish Association the more familiar goldfish has its own specialist body exchanging detailed information on breeding and keeping. The tiny tropical Guppy — named after the Victorian clergyman who sent specimens to the British Museum — is represented by the Fancy Guppy Association.

Experts breed them mainly to achieve exotic variations of colour and finnage. A show spokesman explained. You can buy a pair of

any Americans do, hope that Britain will have good influence on her continental partners. "It means that she will be down anti-American sentiments and express sympathy Washington's point of view."

Heath, it is noted with satisfaction, has been more ready than other "mean statesmen" to praise America's "energy and general" in post-war years. "His current criticism of American protectionism is comparatively mild."

All the Americans invest money in Britain, once they actually aside the "barriers" have been doubted for a moment. Until now, the fact that the EEC had been ordered as a considerable threat with the barriers down would rate as a mild spinboard into the air. That, at least, is the way I wish it were easy to do it with reliable figures.

It isn't the more isolationist one did not automatically and America's big corporations have lost interest in Europe. They are already fully committed, both to the Atlantic and the Continent. They will continue to be the lookout for suitable opportunities. But with the economic growth down to a much less rate, it's as well to take too much for granted because Washington is not.

MISCELLANY

North Sea bubbly

LAST JUNE in Luxembourg, Geoffrey Rippon and his merry entourage celebrated his agreement with the Six in Luxembourg champagne, drunk from hotel tooth mugs. In Admiralty House on Thursday night, things were done with more becoming style. The champagne was French, the glasses were goblets, and supplies held up for as long as Mr Europe's distinguished guests.

But question: Who footed the bill? Answer: Geoffrey Rippon's bookmaker. Our sporting negotiator put his cash on the nail, and won £70 on the size of HM Government's majority in the Commons. It more than covered the hospitality — Ted Heath, a dozen Ministers, Tony Barber, Willie Whitelaw, Francis Pym, and Tony Royle (the Foreign Office Minister in charge of the pro-Market publicity campaign) — the Ambassadors of the Six, Uncle Jean Monnet, and all.

Rob Roy

AFTER ROY, who? Up at least until the Labour Party conference, the well-grounded assumption was that Harold

Wilson would still have preferred Roy Jenkins to any alternative candidate for the Deputy Leadership. But times and assumptions change, brothers.

Some of the Leader's most compliant aides have been padding the bars and lobbies of Westminster this week assiduously pressing the cause of Tony Wedgwood Benn. The Left, in particular, have been reminded that although their hearts belong to Michael Foot, Wedgie is the man who can command enough support from all sections of the parliamentary party to unseat the apostate.

● TOO GOOD to miss (1): Labour old soldier to rumbled Whip late on Thursday night: "Still counting heads then?" Rumbled Whip: "Before or after they roll?"

● TOO GOOD to miss (2): Willie Hamilton (Lab, West Five) described H. Wilson's attitude to the Market as "costus interruptus." Voice from the Tory backbenches: "Withdraw, withdraw."

Keep going

INTO EUROPE with the "Keep Britain Out" brigade. The resounding Commons vote has catapulted Christopher Frere-Smith, the campaign's organiser, on a rapid Continental tour. He is fitting round the capitals of the Six, warning opinion-makers that

Way out

ED BERNMAN's Ambiance Theatre, the most sophisticated of London's itinerant fringe companies, never does anything by half. Anyone can stage a play about Vietnam,

Less majesty

BURIED AWAY on page 118 of the Grosvenor Estate's vast new "Strategy for Belgravia and Mayfair" is a provocative thought, calculated to strike a chill in the heart of every loyal Londoner.

"There will be few opportunities," say the architects, Chapman Taylor Partners, "to change the Grosvenor Place frontage for many years, but at the same time in the future it is possible that Buckingham Palace may be vacated by the Monarch and the gardens opened to the public. Such an eventuality... would

Blue print

THE CONSERVATIVES are opening their archives, dating back to Disraeli, to scholars. Central Office records have been sifted jointly by the Tories and the British Library of Political and Economic Science at the far-from-Conservative London School of Economics.

Among the papers are those of the National Union, some as early as 1867, and the reports and memoranda on party reorganisation since 1911.

The Tories are imposing a 20-year rule. Scholars will have to wait for records later than 1951. Still, it gives them a 10-year start on Cabinet papers.

● STAFF at the Post Office Giro, trembling in daily anticipation of Chris Chataway's promised parking knife, are less than relieved by the discovery of a tombstone with a strange device along Carlton Terrace, behind The Mall. The stone sits behind some iron railings under a tree. It reads simply, in German: "Giro — a real pal." It marks the grave of a German Ambassador's dog, reputedly Ribbentrop's. The embassy used to be in Carlton Terrace.

Fight cancer with a will

When avowing your will, please member the vital work being done by the Imperial Cancer Research Fund which is fighting all form of cancer, including leukaemia, in its own laboratories. It has no official grants and is entirely supported by voluntary contributions.

Form of Bequest
I hereby bequeath the sum of _____ pounds of duty to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London WC2A 3PX for the purpose of scientific research, and I direct that the receipt of the Honorary Treasurer or Secretaries shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

Please see for further information to: The Secretary, Imperial Cancer Research Fund (Dept. 27), P.O. Box 3, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, WC2A 3PX.

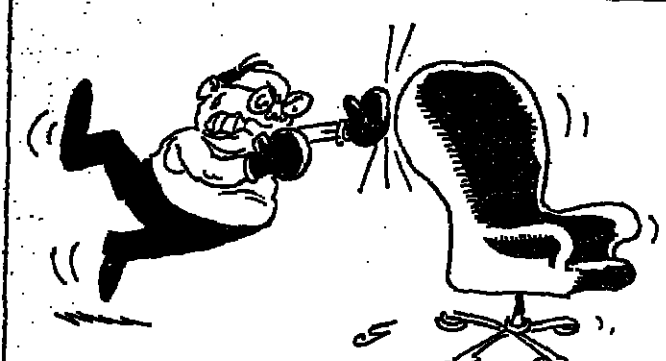
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IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Family finance

A fat lot of good for big businessmen

By TOM TICKELL



PENSE ACCOUNT lunches, support everywhere, and a lot of sitting, have made many businessmen fat—but now they are penitently anxious to get it again.

The number of gyms for men has soared and health centres are still one of Britain's growth industries. But the idea for the top heavy business man is to take a course in slimming which makes some allowance for the sort of life he leads. It is tough, but probably less so than the usual agony.

The first in the field is Dietex. It is run by Mr Alan Frewster, and it guarantees that any man taking it will lose a stone in weight. The course is in three parts. There are the usual bans on sugar, alcohol, potatoes but none of the usual sums on calories that most courses provide.

Most men do not cheat, according to Mr Frewster, and women often do—and he is the diet for the consequences. So there is no need to make the scales out to lunch. He is sure that you have three and not four ounces of carrot on your plate. All that can be well if you are really trying an effort.

What is wrong with well-fed girth? Well, it is all the balance of payments. Mr Frewster. Intake is too high and energy is exports. The calories which turn to fat are the same as a permanent it, and the trouble is all by dietary—presumably and—inflation. Like most war Chancellors, Mr Frewster believes that the road to slimming is through the need for sacrifices and that the only way to reduce the burden of eating.

A trouble about economic policy at the moment is that it cannot keep up with the massive inflation. With massive inflation, the balance of payments is difficult to see how any phors for slimming economics and businessmen can sense.

The course lasts five weeks, with you can have one blow-out weekend and even have a drink with it. Otherwise you have to be strict and follow the instructions exactly. Men who think that they can eat in gently, postponing rigours of the first week later will fail.

What normally happens is the difficulties are pushed further and further into the future and the effort is wasted, according to Mr Frewster. He dislikes the over-asceticism, where semi-starvation for a week and then breaks into blood-mindedness or into the joys of over-eating.

Each week in the course has a theme and Dietex exercises heavily on boosting morale and willpower. For the first

seven days, the only way to avoid the snares of the cake, the cream and the pastry is to build up—and keep firmly fixed—the mental picture of yourself as you desire to be. Like and slim, having an ease of bodily movement with good looks returned to you. Erect in posture, bristling with confidence and radiating health and vitality.

By repeating to yourself: "I can lose weight and I will lose weight" just before sleep, as you wake up, and at the moments when gluttony tempts you, you can get your conscious and sub-conscious minds united to make the big effort, Mr Frewster says.

After your first week, the real problems set in. After all, steamed cod—low in carbohydrates but rich in protein—may seem less attractive as the first enthusiasm wanes and the satisfaction of losing a stone in six weeks looks very abstract when compared to the delights of steak and kidney pie here and now.

The big theme is determination, naturally enough, and if the pressure to break the rules becomes too heavy, you can always ring Dietex—where Mr Frewster will kindly but determinedly put you off your food.

The businessman has to be like the Boy Scout—smiling and whistling under all difficulties—and just hope the family can survive his irritability. Even the exercises get worse, but if you manage to survive you should have lost 6lb. in the fortnight.

With week three the pressure comes off a bit, for it is an interlude between the two roughest sections of the course. You will be looking drawn and probably feeling fairly rough according to the textbook—but in a good cause. Sugar comes back—though very sparingly—and non-slimmers will be pleased to learn that the executive is asked not to describe his inner struggles, as he overcomes the temptations as well as a large inflow of long-term foreign capital.

Japan's surplus was £105 millions in September, a sharp fall from August's surplus of £1,325 millions.

September exports were £830 millions, up 22 per cent from a year earlier. Imports totalled £485 millions, down 6 per cent from September 1970.

Japan's foreign currency reserves at the end of September stood at £2,366 millions.

Property bonds

After two years, the property market has started to show signs of recovery. The announcement attributed the record figure to increases in exports and sagging imports as well as a large inflow of long-term foreign capital.

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First-half surplus hits peak

Japan registered a record balance of payments surplus of £2,540 millions in the first half of the current fiscal year, the Finance Ministry and the Bank of Japan announced yesterday.

The previous high for half-year ended September was £2,446 millions in the latter half of fiscal 1970.

The announcement attributed the record figure to increases in exports and sagging imports as well as a large inflow of long-term foreign capital.

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Revolution that gave the public a turn

By STEWART FLEMING

At first sight the claim makes sense. The firm's long awaited assault on the life assurance market is to be launched with a range of what look like conventional with-profits endowment policies. But the revolution is less of an illusion than it might appear.

Looking at those big redbrick offices, staffed (according to the folklore) by worthy and level-headed clerks, but in reality by platoons of teenage girls, you might think that life assurance is an industry which finds change an effort, never mind revolution. But in the past decade at least one revolution has taken place.

It was sparked off by the unit trust industry, which began to link its savings schemes to life assurance in order to sell them through door-to-door agents. The change was accompanied by discreet propaganda pointing out the life assurance firm's out of conservatism, were not really giving their present generation of policyholders a fair share of the investment cake.

Unit linked — then property linked — life assurance quickly became the fastest growing part of the life assurance market as literally thousands of door-to-door agents tramped the city streets, and massive sums were spent on advertising.

In response to the competition the traditional life assurance firms began to dole out more of their past profits (some even launched their own unit-linked schemes) in order to give a more competitive level of benefits.

The second stage of the revolution has been more furtive. The simple, open, unit trust linked life policy, with the most part, disclosed and easily identifiable charges, has been adulterated.

Sophisticated managers have married some of the more profitable features of conventional life assurance with the more attractive, and therefore profitable, features of unit linked. They have, with less sophisticated salesmen, once again begun to mystify the life assurance buying public. Concern at some of the more unscrupulous features of the unit has filtered through to high places, and the Government has appointed a committee, the Hilary Scott Committee, to investigate.

'Misleading'

In its evidence to the Scott Committee, the Stock Exchange Council has accused sections of the unit linked industry of "misleading" advertising. And the industry itself has expressed concern about its door-to-door salesmen.

Now, the revolution has been completed. Slater Walker Securities, by reputation one of the shrewdest investment dealing and banking firms in the City, has through its insurance subsidiary launched itself into the market. It has chosen to

do so with traditional life assurance policies (not unit linked ones) and without a commission paid door-to-door sales force.

At one time City rumour had it that Slater Walker would go for the unit linked market. After all Jim Slater, the founder, built this £150 millions group in a decade on the basis of his skill at investing in ordinary shares.

So why has SW Insurance rejected unit linking and what sort of traditional policies will it offer? There are at least two answers to the first question. The Scott Committee itself is a threat to the unit linked industry, and its recommendations when they appear could seriously inhibit its growth if they are translated into restrictive legislation.

Moreover the public which for the past 12 months has been pouring millions of pounds into nice, safe, national savings and building societies, seems to be voting with its feet for security. And against the investment risks associated with life assurance and savings linked to shares. (Slater Walker of course, still has the option to launch unit-linked schemes at a later date.)

The three policies the group is offering are the Slater Walker Ten Year Capital Builder, Guaranteed Security Bond and Guaranteed Savings Plan. Note the use of the word "guaranteed". But if the policies look like conventional life assurance policies, there are differences.

Reputation

The dividend can vary from year to year as investments in the life fund fluctuate, but once declared its cash value is fixed, even if you surrender the policy early. There are of course the normal surrender penalties, determined actuarially.

In order to sell its policies Slater Walker will of course capitalise on its reputation for shrewd investment management. And judging from the style of the policy it is offering and the guarantees, the firm seems confident that it can do better than the conservative, traditional life offices, even though it does not have the huge historic

reserves to back up its market plans.

Naturally it has a buffer to absorb any unforeseen strain, two in fact. One is the paid up capital of £24 millions, a very high figure for a new company, and a warning to competitors of its determination to grow.

The other is the freedom for the company to take a minimum 20 per cent share of the life fund's annual surplus distribution. (Many of the traditional offices take only 10 per cent of profits.) Since Slater is free to take more — although it may not do so — the new group is in a position to build up its reserves quickly.

It also gives the company an added incentive to make sure that the investments do well, for the company's profits, as well as the policyholders' dividends, come from the same source.

As a life assurance firm founded after 1967, Slater Walker Insurance will be subjected to the stricter Government regulations relating to life assurance. It is, for example, forbidden to make loans, or borrow from its parent company, and has to present quarterly accounts to the Department of Trade and Industry. It has also appointed a well-known firm of outside consultant actuaries, Bacon and Woodrow, to give an objective view.

The Slater Walker Insurance marketing effort could put renewed pressure on the traditional life offices to perk up their selling methods, and so push the evolution of the life assurance industry further. The traditional life offices, with their image of impeccable financial probity, their actuarial skills, strong cash flow and immense historical reserves, are well placed, however, to take arms against the young intruder.

And now from SLATER WALKER a significant investment breakthrough

The Guaranteed Security Bond

How you invest

One payment as little as £250 or as much as you like.

How you participate in profits

To avoid your becoming confused by fluctuating unit values and technical terms such as bid and offered prices, Slater Walker Insurance declares an Annual Dividend, the value of which is added to your Bond. The Annual Dividend represents your Bond's share in the profits of the Life Fund and for simplicity, is expressed as a percentage of your investment. It is paid not only on the value of your original investment but also on the accumulated value of Dividends already declared. The level of Dividend reflects investment performance and the value of the Annual Dividends is permanently guaranteed once declared.

Your dividends are free of tax

Dividends are free of tax and this means that the equivalent gross return to a standard rate taxpayer, on the following projected rates of Annual Dividend, would be as follows:

Rate of Dividend	Equivalent Gross Return
4%	6.5%
6%	9.8%
8%	13.0%

No additional charges

The cost of life cover and expenses are met out of the Life Fund, and are taken into account before the Dividend is declared.

How your profits once added cannot be reduced in value

Once Annual Dividends have been declared they cannot be subsequently reduced in value or taken away. This means that you cannot lose this valuable gain you have built up in your Bond during good investment years if at the time you choose to cash-in, investment values generally should be at a lower level.

Your guaranteed Life Cover

If you should die while the Bond is still in force, your dependants will receive the Guaranteed Life Cover according to the table below. This Guaranteed Life Cover is always greater than your Bond's accumulated value, and varies according to age at death. Example:—

Age at Death	Amount of Cover as % of your Bond's value
30	350%
40	240%
50	160%
60	114%
70	104%
75 or over	101%

The full table appears in the Bond Document.

First came the Equity Bond, then the Property Bond, after that the Guaranteed Interest Bond, followed by the combinations of the various Bonds. Now at last Slater Walker provides the answer that Investors have been seeking, offering this unique combination of features for a single investment of as little as £250:—

1. Investment Management by Slater Walker.
2. Absolute security for your capital, which can never fall in value.
3. Annual Dividends which are added to your Bond each year and which can never be reduced in value or taken away.
4. The facility to cash-in your Bond with freedom from all charges at the end of five years.
5. The facility to take the Annual Dividends in cash each year free of income tax, capital gains tax and surtax.
6. Life assurance cover which is guaranteed and is always greater than the value of your investment.
7. Significant advantages to surtax payers.

How your investment is guaranteed against loss

Slater Walker Insurance guarantees that your original invested sum can never fall in value.

How your capital is invested

In the Slater Walker Life Fund. It comprises a balanced spread of investments including Equities, Property and Fixed Interest Securities, selected and managed by Slater Walker's investment experts,

who will take full advantage of opportunities for growth, while at the same time paying due regard to the basic elements of security sought by the majority of investors.

How to invest

Simply complete the application and send it with your cheque to Slater Walker Insurance. You will receive an acknowledgement, and subject to acceptance, your Bond will be sent to you when your application has been processed.

Enjoy an Annual Income free of all taxation.

In accordance with current legislation and Revenue practice, Policyholders are entitled to withdraw the amount of any bonus additions to their Policies without incurring any liabilities for income tax or capital gains tax or for surtax (or its equivalent). As Dividends earned by a Guaranteed Security Bond qualify in this way you may enjoy a completely tax free income by withdrawing your Annual Dividends in cash each year.

There may, in certain circumstances, be a liability to surtax (or its equivalent) when the Bond is finally cashed-in or on death (see note later).

Cashing the Bond

Your Bond is designed as a medium term investment and although it is wise to leave it in force for five years you may cash it in at any time subject to the surrender charges listed below which are deducted from your original investment. Any dividends added are not reduced and are paid in full.

Complete Years in Force	Percentage Deduction from Original Investment
1	2
2	3
3	4
4	4

At the end of five years (on the fifth policy anniversary) you may cash in your Bond and receive the full accumulated value free of all surrender charges and deductions and free from capital gains tax and income tax.

You may keep your Bond in force for as long as you wish. On the 10th, 15th, 20th and so on indefinitely—anniversaries of your original investment—you will receive a special Extra Dividend of 5% of the accumulated value of all accrued dividends.

On these anniversaries you may cash in your Bond with complete freedom from all surrender charges and deductions (you may, of course, cash-in your policy between these anniversaries subject to a small surrender charge, details of which are contained in the policy document).

The tax position and advantages to Surtax payers

Under current legislation the proceeds of the Guaranteed Security Bonds are completely free of income tax and capital gains tax.

On cashing-in the Bond there may be a liability for surtax (or its equivalent) if at the time your total income, including a proportion of the profit on the Bond (calculated by reference to the number of years for which it has been held), brings you into the higher tax bracket.

If you have drawn any of your Annual Dividends in cash the total amount withdrawn would be taken into account in determining whether there is a liability for surtax on cashing-in or on death.

The advantage of this provision is that it enables Bond holders who are surtax payers to defer their liability into the future and enables them to choose the most advantageous point at which to cash their Bond, by which time a reduced income (by virtue of retirement, for instance) could mean that the surtax liability is significantly reduced or removed altogether.

To: Slater Walker Insurance Company Limited
124 Queen Victoria Street, London EC4V 4BS Telephone: 01-236 4236 G113010

Full Name (Mr/Ms/Miss)
Address
Date of Birth

Occupation

Amount £ (I enclose a cheque (minimum £250) for this amount payable to Slater Walker Insurance Company Limited.)

I wish to withdraw my Dividends in cash ☐ or leave my dividends to accumulate ☐ Please tick

Name and address of your usual doctor (Normally no medical evidence required)

Details of any consultation with any doctor within last two years (Except minor ailments requiring single consultation only)

Please state height and weight

Signature of applicant Date

DECLARATION: I wish to invest in the Slater Walker Guaranteed Security Bond and I declare that I am in good health and that the above statements are true and complete. I consent to the Company seeking information from any medical adviser who has attended me and seeking information from any other insurance company to which I have applied for Life Assurance and I authorize the disclosure of information to the Company. I agree that this declaration together with any signed statement made by the Company's medical adviser shall be the basis of the contract between me and Slater Walker Insurance Company Limited and I will accept the usual form of Policy issued by the Company for this class of Assurance.

SLATER WALKER GUARANTEED SECURITY BOND

Comparing Japanese inflation

Japan may soon overtake us as the fastest-inflating country in the developed world. American prices rose 3.8 per cent between August and September—a bigger monthly increase than any in British history.

The rise was due to changes in vegetable prices, but there was a normal element of 1.4 per cent an annual rate of nearly 1 per cent for this one month.

September index was 8.4 per cent higher than a year ago, approaching the recent figures, which are still 9 per cent but now coming rapidly.

Australia, too, inflation is rising, though at nothing like giddy Japanese pace.

Latest statistics for the six capital shows a rise of 8 per cent in the cost of living in the September quarter, the highest rise in 15 years, and the 12-month increase 5 per cent.

1624M profit by 192 firms

Before tax of 192 companies whose annual reports were included in the large Telegraph Company's survey service during October, the September quarter, with £162,400,000 profit, was the highest in the previous 10 months to 31 October, aggregated £4,686,811,000, or £24,389,942,000 for the companies in the previous

General Trust rights issue

The General Property Trust, which is managed by Australia's Land Lease Corporation, yesterday announced a two-for-three rights issue at one Australian dollar a share.

The issue will raise A\$4 millions and bring the trust's capital to A\$10 millions. London institutions hold about 20 per cent of the trust's equity.

Shipowners must have freedom

To avoid crippling competitive disadvantages, British shipowners must be free to have their ships built wherever price, financing terms and delivery dates are best, according to Mr John Kirby of Shell Tankers, who is president of the UK Chamber of Shipping.

Shell confirmed this week that it was negotiating to buy tankers in France, part of its £500 millions tanker ordering plans around the world.

Mr Kirby, speaking last night to the North of England Shipowners' Association in Newcastle, was also confident that shipping would eventually look up, despite the slump which is showing up among other places in the severely depressed tramp market.

He said: "I think I could reasonably argue that, in spite of present conditions, the long-term prospects must be better."

Most forecasts on the expansion of world trade are that it will continue at about 7 to 8 per cent a year—the average for the past 20 years, and some experts contemplate an even bigger rise to 10 per cent or more, Mr Kirby added.

Whether or not this more optimistic forecast of 10 per cent was justified, a rate of 7 to 8 per cent a year was substantial, Mr Kirby thought.

He said: "Yesterday's historic decision by Parliament to enter the Common Market is a development of fundamental significance. That its effects will be highly beneficial for the future of world trade as of so much else must be the profound hope of us all."

"Taking a long and broad view, I still firmly think that future prospects are encouraging. It is easy to say this, coming as I do from the oil industry which has primarily a charterer's interest."

"But for those at the sharp end of the market, there is a lot of all the problem of getting over, in the shorter term, a very sticky patch indeed."

